THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXIV.—No. 1616

DECEMBER 4, 1934

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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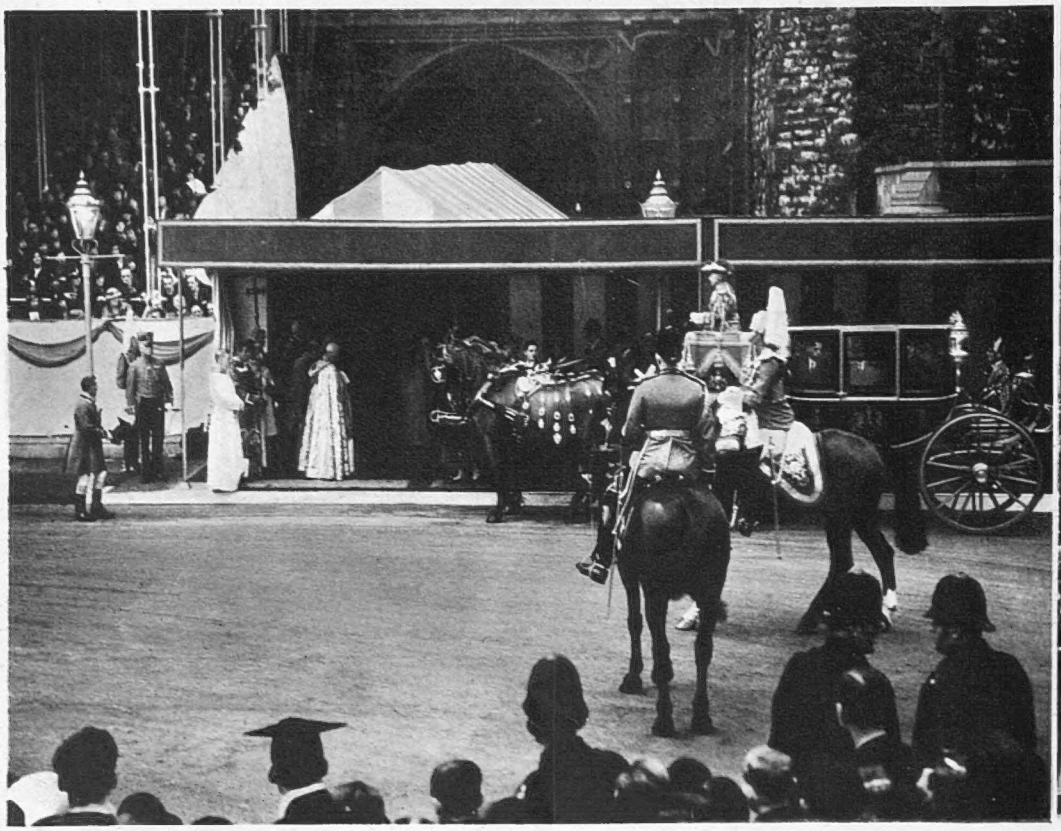
The Bystander, December 4, 1934

No. 1616. Vol. CXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

Peter North

THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN HER WEDDING DRESS



Outside the Abbey After the Service

The Archbishop of Canterbury standing under the awning and waiting for the Duke and Duchess of Kent to come out and drive away in the coach that stands ready

How the Royal Couple

The Duke and Duchess of Kent stand waving from the Buckingham Palace balcony, while the tightly packed crowd waves back and cheers and cheers

Marriage Medley . .

The Real and the Sham : at the Lyric and Madame Tussaud's

The Duke of Kent and Princess Marina leaving the Lyric on the evening before their wedding, when they went to "Theatre Royal" with the Queen and Princess Nicholas

The wax figures of the Duke and Duchess of Kent which were installed at Madame Tussaud's last week, with a figure of the Queen on the left. Judging by the photograph, the likenesses are, if anything, startling in their unlikeness

The Lord Chamberlain

Lord Cromer, one of last week's busiest men, on his way to his office in St. James's Palace

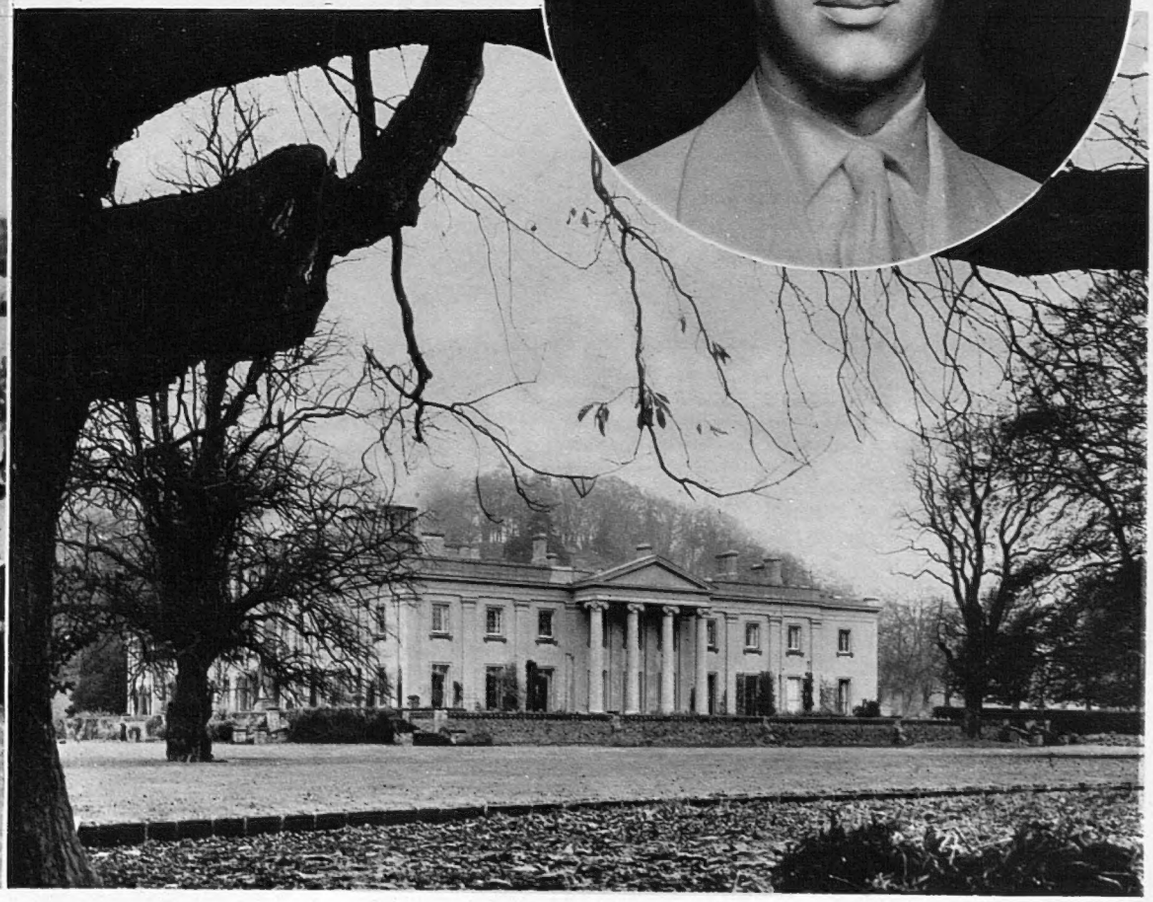
Looked to the Crowd

Saying Good-bye at Paddington

Right: the bust of the Duke of Kent, by the Hungarian sculptor, Zsigmond de Strobl, which has been presented to the Institute of Psychology in honour of the Duke's presidency

A Bouquet for the Bride

Little Sarah Spencer-Churchill waiting at Paddington with her mother, Christine, Viscountess Churchill, to present a bouquet to the Duchess of Kent



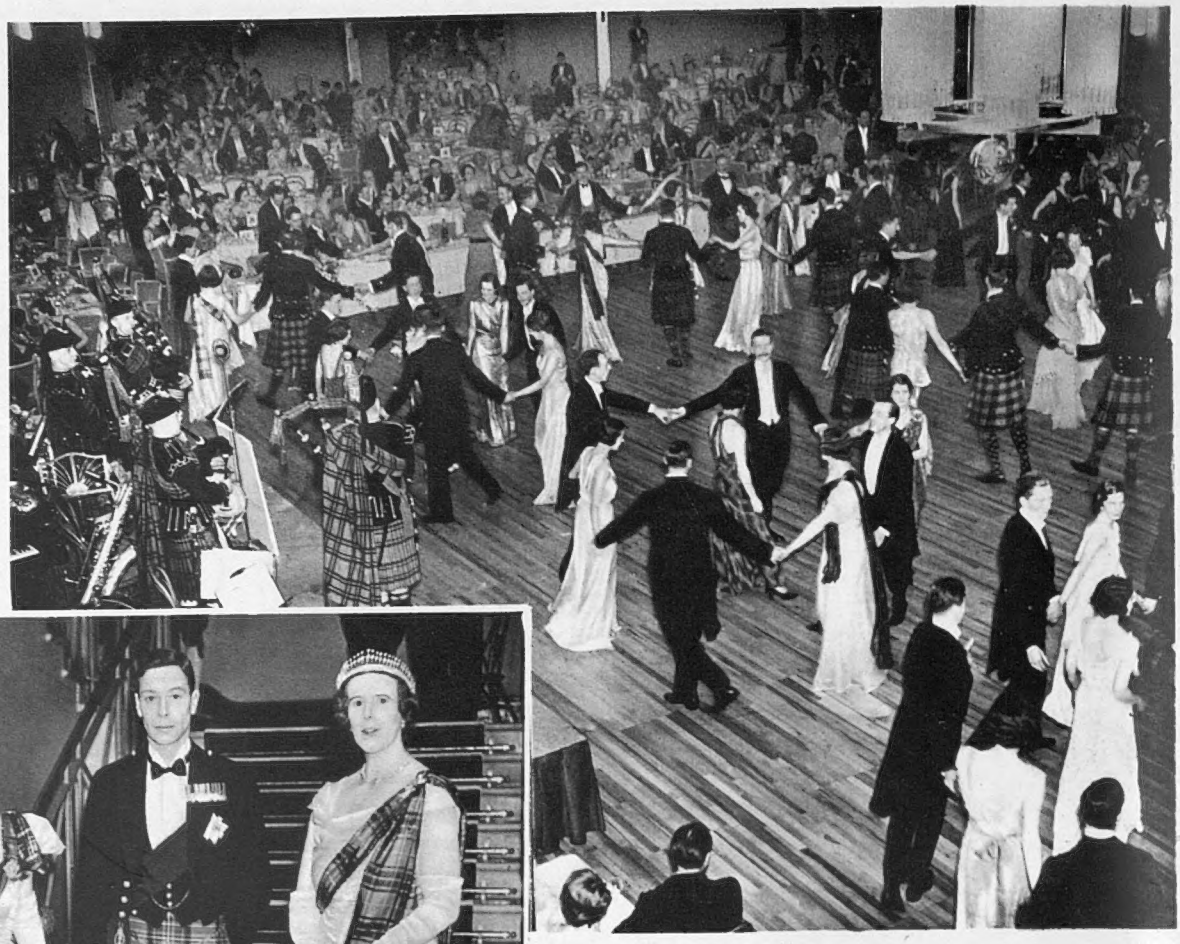
Himley Hall, Worcestershire

A view of Himley Hall, Lord Dudley's lovely place in Worcestershire, where the Duke and Duchess of Kent are honeymooning, and where, for a few weeks, anyway, they will be able to forget about being royal, and lead a peaceful country life, without publicity and the crowds of hopeful watchers who have followed their every movement for the last weeks

A Scottish Occasion

The St. Andrew's Eve Ball on Royal Wedding Night

THE St. Andrew's Eve Ball, which was in aid of the Women and Babies' Annexe of the Royal Free Hospital, made a good ending to the day of the Royal wedding for some hundreds of people, especially the Scottish ones who danced reels. Besides the piping and dancing, there was a brilliant entertainment in the shape of a scene from the Diaghileff ballet, "Narcisse," with Lydia Sokolova and twenty-five dancers performing



Eightsomes and sixteensomes being danced in honour of St. Andrew, with the Scots Guards' pipers playing

The Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, the Duchess of York, one of the Royal patronesses of the Ball, the Duke of York, and the Countess of Elgin and Kincardine, the chairman. The Duke and Duchess of York and Lady Elgin danced in the sixteensome arranged by the Scots Guards

Lady Forres and Lord Carnegie, who was another of the dancers in the set sixteensome, sitting at their supper table

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 79

Mrs. Charles Sweeny

Potted by Charles Gay

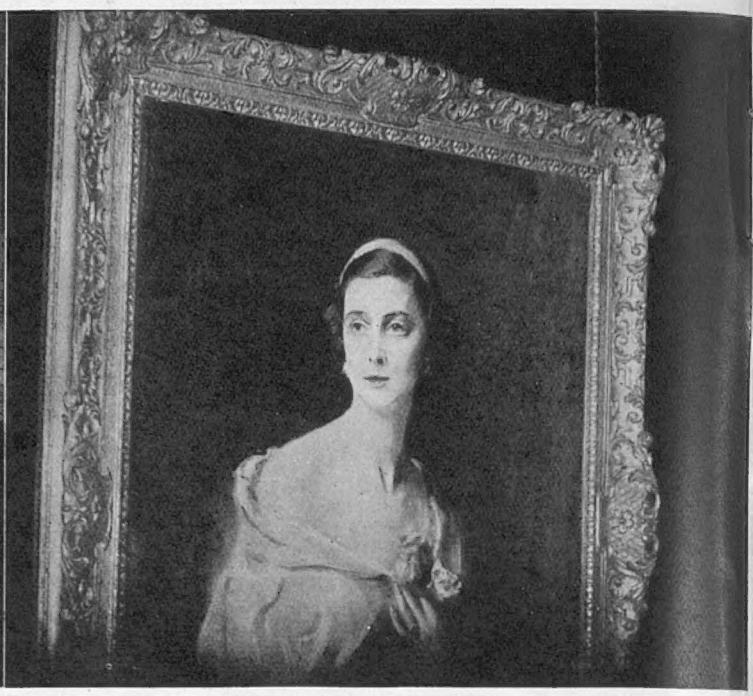
Caricatured by Sirra

I HAVE often wondered why Charlie Higham hasn't engaged Margaret at several thousands a year to teach him his own job. She understands publicity better than anyone else in this post-war publicity period. Without benefit of profession or title, she has made herself a front-page story, whether she is engaged, disengaged, married, ill, well, or convalescent. If you compare the few sparse inches which Lady Warwick's prettiness secures with the streamers, column-turns, and photographs which Margaret received this time last year, you acquire some idea of Margaret's genius in this line. I hope she will not think I am giving her away if I confide to you her secret—which is unfailing charm and good manners. She has a delicious hesitation in her speech, hazel eyes, and a delightful frankness which is totally disarming. She says she is a bad judge of character. I am sorry to hear it, because we are close friends, even to sharing a joint birthday party every December 1st.

She treats reporters, photographers, and gossip writers as if they were charming hosts who can give her a good party, and, indeed, they can. You should see her when she passes through the crowd and waits outside a charity dance or wedding reception. Is she embarrassed by the stares? I 'll say she 's not. She smiles at them all as if each one was her personal friend, whom she 'd been longing to see for days past.

MARGARET was born in Renfrewshire exactly twenty-two years ago. She went to dozens of schools in England, France, and America, including Miss Wolfe's, Heathfield, and Ozanne's. She plays no games at all. She loathes casinos, and hates ordering food. She eats very slowly, doesn't smoke or drink, likes novels, travelling, and arguing (though not the door-slamming variety). Her coming-out dance was on May 1st, 1930. She was the first débutante to break away from the traditional white frock. She was also the first to improve her appearance with nail-varnish and make-up. In fact, she showed the young men on the dance list why débutantes in America have such a good time. Since then, she has appeared in pageants as Sunrise, Sunset, Mary Hamilton, Perdita, Turquoise, Illness, and Health. For four years no charity ball tableau was complete without her. To-day she is very obstinate and kind-hearted, a very poor liar, a devoted wife, and a very nice girl.

Lady Anne Rhys and Miss Mary Ridgley-Carter, who wore a big sombrero hat which suited her rather well, did a round tour together of the de László Royal portraits



The Begum Aga Khan looking at the portrait of Princess Marina which the latter gave to the Duke of Kent as a wedding present. There are two of her in the Exhibition, and a particularly good one of the Duke of Kent

The First "Date" of Royal Wedding Week

Princess Marina at the de László Exhibition last Monday

Miss Diane Chamberlain went to the private view with her mother, Lady Chamberlain. Bond Street certainly had one afternoon worthy of its amazing decorations when the crowds lined-up outside Knoedler's to see the Royalties arrive

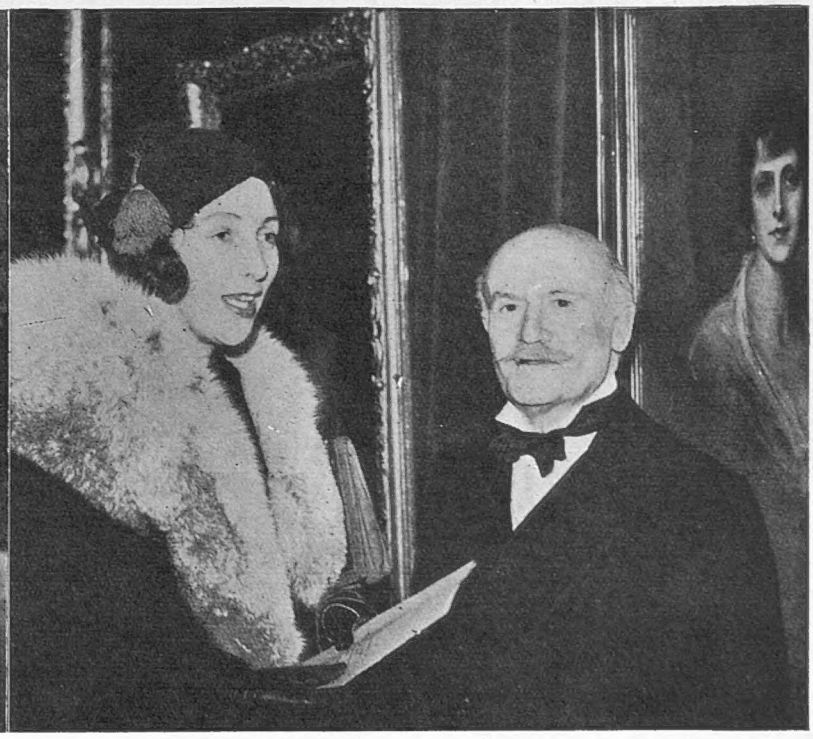
Here are three of the said Royalties who gave the crowd something to look at—Princess Irene of Greece, one of the eight bridesmaids, the Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia, and Princess Helen of Rumania

Princess Marina and Her Parents

Above: Princess Marina and Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece were photographed on their way round Knoedler's Galleries, Princess Marina wearing brown velvet and a new version of the sort of hat everyone calls after her. She was shown round the Exhibition by Mr. de László himself

Left: Prince Paul of Yugo-Slavia, Princess Marina's brother-in-law

Miss Constantia Rumbold, Sir Horace Rumbold's daughter; her father has been Ambassador in Constantinople, Madrid, and Berlin



The hero of the afternoon himself: Philip Alexius László de Lombos talking to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Stephen de László, during the private view. He has nearly as many orders and decorations of all the countries of Europe as he has painted members of the European Royal families

Listen...

MADAME DE PEÑA, to whom we are indebted for the original title of this column, is the best walking advertisement Herr Dengler, of Baden-Baden, could ever wish to have. Minus two stone in weight and plus the loveliest golden curls. Why don't we all go?

•

ANONYMOUS letters are never in the best of taste, and could never be called cricket, but when it comes to writing to the husband of the girl who has pinched your boy friend, it isn't even leg-theory, it's Italian football.

•

IN the bad old days we used to hear of young Rips dining with their ex-girl friends on the eve of their marriage, but young men are so well brought up these days that we thought such practices had gone out with white gloves and the Hesitation Waltz. Imagine our surprise, however, to see—you'll never guess who, out together the other evening. Whisper in my ear and I'll tell you if you're right. Yes, you've got it in one; however did you guess?

•

CAPTAIN DRURY LOWE and Miss Hilary Charles are to be seen together quite frequently these days, which is very nice for both of them as they are both charming and extremely decorative. Captain Drury Lowe is the typically correct Guardsman right to the ends of his well-trimmed moustache, while, frankly, Hilary is one of the loveliest brunettes we have ever seen.

•

"THE lobby of the Hotel was transformed into the hall of a Russian Nobleman's palace. The ball-room was turned into a Moorish street, and there was a Hollywood Cocktail Bar in the middle of all this. The show cost £7000."

This may, or may not, be an exaggeration on the part of our most sensational Daily, but, anyhow, it should prove a rare tonic to those who are out of a job to hear that someone, at least, is having a little quiet fun.

ON the principle that if you find a place agrees with you, go back to it, the Roche sisters are spending their fifth consecutive winter in India's sunny climes. The more we think about it the more we are inclined to agree that a lot of Kipling was a whole lot of hooey.

•

PRINCE ALY KHAN has also gone to India, with the result that there was hardly a dry eye in Mayfair's smartest set one extension night just lately. The Aga's son certainly does get away with it, but no one—not even the darlings themselves—has the least idea which he likes best.

•

LITTLE Harriet Huston, suitably escorted, is to be seen dancing almost every night, and lovely she looks, too, especially late in the evening, when she can be induced to blow those blonde curls back from off her forehead. We hear rumours that an announcement is shortly to be made, but so far we can get no confirmation.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 1.—Lady Phyllis Allen

Yevonde

LADY PHYLLIS ALLEN is one of the very few women who have hardly an enemy in the world, and yet have masses of character. Phyllis Allen has more friends than almost any woman I know; she is even friends with her late husband and his new wife, and recently gave a cocktail-party for them. This is almost a record in forbearance. Phyllis Allen is just the woman you would choose to take out to dinner on the eve of a momentous occasion in your life—she would give you damn good advice. This applies to men and women. Added to this she is attractive, is a splendid hostess, and a grand companion. Is it any wonder she's so popular?

"PURE" Billingsgate emanated from the lips of a titled lady at the party of another lady of title just recently. The object of abuse happened to be the former lady's bulky husband, who, instead of being annoyed, was tickled to death when she enumerated the list of distinguished people she was citing as co-respondents at her forthcoming divorce. Until then he had not been aware he had been having such a good time.

•

WHILE some of us would give our eyes for an "invite" to Londonderry House, others would much prefer a late night at the Café de Paris. (No sour grapes, either.) One of those who enjoy a party at the Minister for Air's abode is London's social barometer, Mr. "Chips" Channon. At the most recent political rally, among all the tiaras in this famous ball-room, his wife, Lady Honor's, was easily the most imposing.

•

TWO incredibly lucky young men are Mr. Bob Laycock, who is in the Blues, and who is marrying Miss Angela Dudley Ward, and Mr. Anthony Powell, who is marrying Lady Violet Pakenham. Both these young men deserve their success, as they have been making strong running for some time. Miss Angela Dudley Ward has one of the most arresting faces we know, while Lady Violet Pakenham is also quite lovely in a more orthodox way.

•

A MARRIED couple who had not been hitting it off too well decided on a "holiday" from one another. He went to Switzerland, she to the South of France, and afterwards they had a grand re-union in Paris, where both told the same story: "Had a grand time and masses of temptations, but when it came to the point I always thought of you and said 'No.'" That night SHE had a terrible nightmare and called out, "My God, my husband!" Hearing her cry, though still fuddled with sleep, the husband shouted "My God, my wife!" and jumped out of the window.

Right: some of the Royalties who went to the Snow Ball at Claridges last Monday night — Prince Peter of Greece, Princess Christopher of Greece, Princess Gaetan de Bourbon-Parma, ex-King George of Greece, and bridesmaid Princess Irene of Greece

The Snow Ball

In Aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs

Swaebe

Mrs. Nettlefold, the deputy-chairman of the Ball Committee, is with Prince Paul of Greece, a brother of ex-King George of Greece, and a cousin of Princess Marina

Above: Lady Seafield and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, were two of the non-royalties who went to the Snow Ball

Left: the Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia and Princess Catherine of Greece, who was one of the bridesmaids

Right: Mrs. Webb Johnstone talking to Lady Jean Mackintosh, who was the chairman of the dance, and had worked extremely hard to produce a great social and financial success

Second Thoughts on First Nights

An Adventurous Historical Figure—

Left: casting off feminine apparel for good—and bad. Mary Read (Flora Robson) is assisted by her mother (Iris Hoey) and Mrs. Amber (Isabel Thornton)

"*Mary Read*" *(His Majesty's)*

WHEN an historical figure is used, or a novel adapted for stage purposes, I think the more ignorant a dramatic critic may be of that character or book, the more likely he is to judge fairly the merits or demerits of the resultant play, thanks to the fact that he starts off with no pre-conceived ideas on the subject.

I was in the happy position of knowing nothing whatever about Mary Read—who, I learn, was a genuine character, audited and found correct by History—until I learnt much about her from the play of the same name by James Bridie and Claude Gurney, at His Majesty's.

Had I been previously asked who Mary Read was, I might have hazarded the guess that she was a lady novelist rescued from obscurity by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, but I should never have guessed that so ordinary a name could, in decency have concealed the identity of so extraordinary a character. A girl who could change her sex and get away with it; fight as a corporal in Flanders; become a full-fledged pirate, and ultimately have no compunction in shooting her husband, to save him, so to speak, from a fate worse than death, is surely worthy of a name more in keeping with her deeds.

Captain Spanner (Claude Allister) arrives just too late to prevent Mary Read (Flora Robson) from taking the King's shilling from the recruiting sergeant (Arthur Hambling). Edward Earle (Robert Donat) also decides to fight

The pirate chief (Wilfred Walter) and his paramour (Betty Hardy) watch Dick Corner (Charles Farrell) fighting Mary Read (Flora Robson) in an attempt to "get at" her somewhat effeminate lover (Robert Donat)

Mary Read (Flora Robson)

Sketches by Rouson

With such a highly-coloured character as the backbone of their play, the authors had every right to let themselves go, and sound a brave note of adventure, whether the scene be Flanders battlefields, a Cheapside drinking-den, or a piratical deck, and no one could accuse them of allowing this romantic drama to be deficient in action. When is allied to this "male impersonator" and a collection of soldiers and sluts, priests and pirates, dialogue which is, as here, both literary and racy, one gets an entertainment somewhat out of the common, as is the performance of Flora Robson playing the part of Mary Read with refreshing vigour and address.

Her example is followed by the rest of a large and clever company, who, in their method of attack and disdain for under-playing, recall the delicious acting of sixty years ago. A novelty in entertainment, truly, but one with a well-spiced and seasoned flavour.

The end of Mary Read. What is surprising is that she died in bed!

—and an Irish Hysterical Theme

Right: George (Harry Hutchinson) and Captain Potts (William Heilbronn) dispense Irish hospitality and someone else's whisky to Herr Tausch (Bruce Belfrage). Aunt Columba (Nan Munro) cuts him dead

It seems that a desperate Irish gunman, Willie (Gerard Tyrrell), was unlucky enough to try to hold up the household where his mother (Kathleen Drago) was cook. Dobelle (Charles Carson) and Tausch (Bruce Belfrage), who were to be the victims, enjoy the gunman's discomfiture

Darrell Blake (Donald Wolfit), a fire-eating idealist, finds that his little gun-play has an unfortunate result when Commandant Lanigan (Fred O'Donovan) appears on the scene

"The Moon in the Yellow River" (Haymarket)

IT would be grossly unfair to describe this play by Mr. Denis Johnston as a child once defined a parable—a heavenly story with no earthly meaning—for, as a matter of fact, I believe that somewhere lurking in the background of *The Moon in the Yellow River* is a good deal of meaning of the allegorical sort—only it happens to be somewhat illusive.

At the end of the Second Act, when a pistol-shot from an Irish Free State Commandant murdered an idealist who wished to destroy, from altruistic motives, a recently erected power-house, I thought for one moment that I really was beginning to fathom the hysterical conduct of the characters and the allegorical motive of the dramatist. It was only just a glimmer of light, it is true, but it was there.

But before the Third Act was over, I regret to say that this glimmer was completely doused by a flood of oratory; a flood so violent that, at the conclusion, I found myself swept from the theatre, half-drowned in a sea of words, gasping for breath in Pall Mall, and regretfully reaching the conclusion that the author's allegory had escaped me, after all.

Still, if you can enjoy plain, straightforward fare without bothering your head about sub-intent, I think you will enjoy this play. There are, at least, five Irish characters, played by Kathleen Drago, Nan Munro, Harry Hutchinson, William Heilbronn, and Gerard Tyrrell, who are extremely funny for the reason that they seem entirely unconscious of being so. Joyce Chancellor gives a telling study of a neglected child; while Donald Wolfit and Fred O'Donovan add the dramatic touch with distinction.

The two most difficult parts in the play are a German, Tausch, whom Bruce Belfrage does well not to make too overwhelmingly monotonous, and the elderly Mr. Dobelle, a retired engineer, who remains nebulous despite the really noble efforts of Charles Carson.

Some of the individual scenes in the comedy are exceedingly funny, and the one in which a home-made gun and home-made shells are played with need fear no rivalry from scenes in any forthcoming pantomime.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

Father Dobelle (Charles Carson) and daughter Blanaid (Joyce Chancellor) brought to a closer understanding by the death of Darrell Blake, who, though quite mad, was not a bad sort, and the memory of the late Mrs. Dobelle

A Racing Reverie

More Pats on the Back

By "Regular"

'Chasing in the South

The field in the Cowden Steeplechase taking the first fence at the meeting at Lingfield, which opened the season in the South. Prince of Athens won the race, with Tuton second

BEFORE we finally say good-bye to flat-racing till next March, I should like to hand out a few more bouquets; but just because I am writing about the flat again this week I do not want you to run away with the idea that I have become one of those journalists who sit back in their arm-chairs all the winter and write about the Lincoln.

OH, dear me, no; day after day you will find me jumping, and during the long weeks which separate us from next Lincoln, I shall endeavour to work you up into a frenzy with my stories of three-mile 'chases and three-year-old hurdlers, old platers and young platers.

EVERY Monday you will turn eagerly to this page to find what Mrs. Hollins wore at Lingfield, while you men will be just as keen to hear about Major Weyland's gaiters at Gatwick. I can foresee a very happy winter for us all.

AND now for a few last words about flat-racing. The foremost personality during the past season has been that wonderful husband and father—no; not the Aga Khan nor Frank Butters, nor even Gordon Richards or Harry Wragg—I refer to Blandford (the racehorse, of course).

DURING the past season his children have won £70,000 in stakes in this country alone, while Heaven knows how much Brantôme, the offspring of one of his French wives, has won across the Channel. Can any other father point to such a record?

I AM well aware that Blandford has a distinct advantage over us humans in that he can have forty wives a year, and still go to Ascot. But you must hand it to Blandford, as the father of Windsor Lad, Campanula, Umidwar, Primero, Bahram, and the aforementioned Brantôme, whom the French declare to be the horse of the century. I'll tell you if they're right after next year's Gold Cup.

WE will now talk for a bit about Gordon Richards. Far funnier than the story of the man who called his horse Belisher Beacon because he was afraid it was no blinking good, was the paragraph the other day stating that, although the champion had not approached his figures of last year, there was no evidence of any falling-off in his powers.

THE truth, you see, can at times be excruciatingly funny, and those of us who have been racing day in and day out since last March will bear witness as to the truth of this naïve little paragraph.

IN describing a race in this paper a year or two ago, I wrote that Gordon would have won on any of the first three, with the result that neither of the jockeys on the second and third spoke to me for three months. I admit it was a tactless thing to say, but in describing Gordon at his best it is impossible not to get carried away.

I HAVE been asked what I consider his greatest effort this year, and, after due consideration, I have come to the conclusion that he was greatest in defeat, and the race I have in mind was the Rufford Abbey Handicap, at Doncaster, in which his mount, Silver Jubilee, was beaten a short head by Blank. The way in which he induced a beaten horse to keep on pulling out a bit more was almost incredible. Another marvellous effort on Gordon's part was his short-head victory on Tommaok at Leicester; while yet a third superb achievement was in inducing the ungenerous Coldstream to battle it out for once and win the October Selling Plate at Sandown. I could go on like this for a very long time.

To beat your own record at Freddy Fox's age is a wonderful achievement, and Freddy, with 132 victories to his credit, deserves a special pat on the back. Speaking personally, I am very grateful to him During the whole year, I don't think I backed more than a dozen winners, but Freddy Fox rode at least ten of them.

STEVE and "Brownie" were also magnificent at all times. Steve, with sixty-five winners, had a splendid season, and his popularity was as great as ever. Down South we don't see much of Nevett, and it may come as a surprise to those who never go north of Newmarket to learn that he was 109 times first past the stick. Nevett is not a stylist, but he gets there just the same.

LORD DERBY'S new jockey, Perryman, had a great year, and next year he may have an even greater one. We were all sorry when Lord Derby decided to part with Tommy Weston, as Tommy going to the post in the black jacket and white cap, and coming back in the black jacket, had become an institution. Dick Perryman should do very well, but no one understands the Phalaris blood as well as Tommy, except, of course, George Lambton.

HARRY WRAGG, especially in matches, proved himself a great tactician and a great finisher. Rumour has it that he will be succeeded as first jockey to Jack Jarvis next year by E. Smith. Harry, like Tommy Weston, however, need never fear of being out of a job.

LAST week I commented on Frank Butters' great training feat with Vermeil II. I shall conclude my remarks on flat-racing by offering my congratulations to Jack Jarvis on a similar feat with Pip Emma. On March 20th, Pip Emma won the Chaplin Maiden Plate at Lincoln; on November 24th she won the Manchester November Handicap, her twelfth race of the season—there's training for you!

Two Films of the Week

"The Iron Duke" and "The Count of Monte Cristo"

The Young Sailor and His Mercedes

Robert Donat as Edmond Dantes, the young officer on a French ship who is thrown into the dungeons of Chateau d'If, and Elissa Landi as Mercedes, the girl he loves, and whom he finds again after all his years of imprisonment. The film of Dumas' novel. "The Count of Monte Cristo" is at the London Pavilion

Below: the "Count" Plans His Escape

Above: Dantes, who becomes the Count of Monte Cristo after his escape, and the Abbé Farin (O. P. Heggie), his only friend in prison, who tells him about the buried Monte Cristo treasure

Lesley Waring as Lady Frances Webster

Above: Lesley Waring plays the part of Lady Frances Webster in "The Iron Duke," the Gaumont-British film about the Duke of Wellington which is now running at the Tivoli. The world première in aid of the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital was the most important film event of last week

Below: the Duke discusses the latest news with Hill (A. E. Matthews) in that much-advertised film, "The Iron Duke," the first picture George Arliss has made in England

George Arliss as the Duke of Wellington

Here Come the Jumpers

Some Personalities of Winter Racing

By Quintin Gilbey

RACING is dead; long live racing! Flat racing has ended its career for one more season, jumping is with us once again. Let 's make the most of a fine day and go and see the fun.

WHILE most of us are wedded to flat racing, in so much that we spend our lives humbly worshipping at her feet, we are, nevertheless, not averse to a mild flirtation during the winter with her poorer and plainer sister, who is known as jumping; while there are a few who don't give a damn for the charms of flat racing, but consider jumping absolutely the cat's pyjamas.

WHILE I envy and admire Frank Butters, Gordon Richards, and all the other celebrities of the flat-racing game, the men for whom I have, perhaps, the greatest admiration are the National Hunt jockeys who, day after day, risk their necks in foul weather on foul jumpers, and get a fiver for their pains.

OFTEN Gordon Richards canters down to post and canters back again several lengths in front and gets a "monkey" for doing it, while there are many N.H. jockeys who break legs, arms, ribs, and collar bones, and don't earn half that amount in a whole year. The answer to that is that flat racing is enormously wealthy; steeplechasing is as poor as a church mouse. The big plums in jumping are few and far between, and if it were not for the rich Cheltenham meeting in the spring, 'chasing might die a much-lamented death.

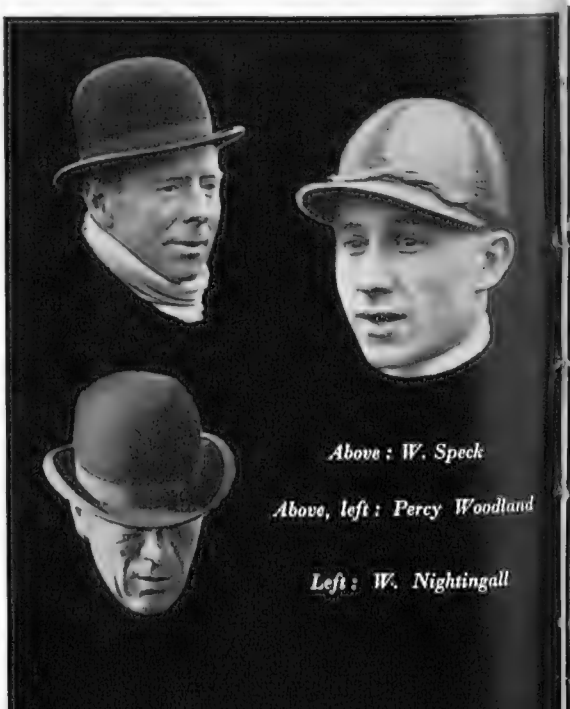
GIVE a dog a bad name and you know what happens. A few unscrupulous people, years ago, were instrumental in giving jumping a bad name, and although they did not kill it, they did it no good, and it was not till men like Mr. Withington and Sir Peter Grant Lawson came along and worked like heroes in its interest that it really recovered. Even now there are a few people who raise their eyebrows when you say you 're going jumping; but I can assure them that they 're hopelessly out of date, and that, with very few exceptions, jumping is every bit as straight as flat racing.

DURING the season we may get a little tired of having the inexplicable explained by the old-world adage that horses are not machines; but I feel sure that before the season is far advanced Mr. Withington, Sir Peter, and their fellow stewards will inform a trainer or two that, although they do not expect their horses to run with the regularity of a Rolls Royce, they must be much more like a machine than they have been in the past.

WE will take it that the race special has deposited us at one of our Park courses, and we will look around us and see who we see. The first people, curiously enough, are Mr. Withington and Sir Peter Grant Lawson, of whom we have already spoken. Mr. Fred Withington used to be a very famous trainer, now he is a very famous steward; he knows more about 'chasing than any man living, and he is determined that this winter we shall have 100 per cent. triers. Every 'chasing enthusiast wishes more power to his elbow. Sir Peter has made himself a magnificent cross-country jockey; he loves the sport; needless to say, his horses try for their lives every time, and he is a steward of the National Hunt. Without his glasses he is as blind as a bat, but declares this to be an asset, as, if he could see the fences, he wouldn't dare jump them. This is, of course, all rot. He trains with Jack Gosden, who is a very brilliant young man indeed.

THE next person we see is Ivor Anthony, the greatest trainer of jumpers in the world; he is assisted by that extremely good-looking woman (it seems impossible that she has grown-up children), the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, who manages the stable. Her late husband rode Ascetic's Silver when he won the National, and later became the most famous trainer of jumpers in the country. Mrs. Hastings is as knowledgeable as she is charming. Ivor Anthony trained Brown Jack, who won six years running at Ascot, thereby demonstrating that horses *are* sometimes machines.

THAT well-worn coat shelters Miss Dorothy Paget. Nobody knows Miss Paget very well, unless it is Mrs. Gwenny Foster, who is her constant companion. Miss Paget, when she is not racing, often spends the day in bed, as she much prefers the night to the day. Miss Paget is devoted to her horses, and especially to Golden Miller,



Above: W. Speck

Above, left: Percy Woodland

Left: W. Nightingall

and she is not above having a good bet when she fancies one.

MISS PAGET'S trainer is Basil Briscoe, who was educated at Eton, Cambridge, and Jack Leader's, but he learnt nearly all he knows at the last-named's establishment. So far, he has had most success with his jumpers, but he has also won many flat-races. He hopes there will be very little snow this winter.

HERE are some more familiar faces. There goes the General, with his blonde in tow, and the titled lady who always takes her clerk racing with her, and Mrs. Vernet, who always takes her clerk as well.

YES, and here 's "petite, blonde, blue-eyed, pretty" Mrs. Rank, who is just as popular jumping as she is flat racing; and here are the newly-weds, Sir John and Lady Grey. We hesitate to intrude on their new-found happiness, but already they are joined by Max and Marge Barthropp and Jack Anthony, the greatest Aintree jockey of all time. They form a very cheery party.

ANOTHER great Aintree jockey we see arriving on the course, driving his Essex, is Harry Brown. He is greeted by Pat and Babe Dennis, and there is a great deal of laughter. Brown has the priceless gift of spreading happiness wherever he goes.

TALKING to a number of very small men is Lady Sibell Lygon, the tallest and blondest of the dashing Lygon sisters. Her youngest sister, Lady Dorothy, is accompanied by her cousin, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper. These ladies never miss a day's jumping, but they wouldn't say "thank you" for a day at Ascot.

THE hardest worker in the racing world is Frank Hartigan, in that he never takes a holiday, and no matter whether it 's flat racing or jumping, turns out winners every week of the year. His horses look grand on even the coldest day of the year, and they are always magnificently schooled.

OTHER celebrated trainers under N.H. rules are Percy Woodland, whose horses all bear the "Woodland Polish"; Billy Payne, whose charges all look like their trainer—big, well, and happy, a remark which also applies to Owen Anthony's; Tom Leader, Bay Powell, Gil Bennett, Walter Nightingall (another all-rounder), and last, but not least, "Rattle" Barrett, the most popular of all the trainers, and one of the finest polo players England ever had.

AND now for a word about the jockeys. Top of the list is Gerry Wilson, who won the Grand National this spring on Golden Miller. A great horseman is Gerry, and as brave as a lion, a remark which applies to another Gerry in Hardy.

BILLY SPECK, Moloney, Parvin, Fawcus, Mr. Walwyn, and a score of others, are all great horsemen, but the greatest of them all, to my mind, is the little figure we see approaching and whose battered countenance tells of a number of ghastly falls, any one of which would have been sufficient to put a stop to most people's riding for the remainder of their days. His name is Billy Stott, the bravest man I have ever met.

I COULD go on ad infinitum telling you of the good fellows and good girls you will meet in a season's jumping, but my space has run out, and I feel sure I have told you enough to make you wish to buy a pair of Newmarket boots and go jumping.

Round the Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Prince Carl of Sweden

Prince Carl of Sweden was sketched at the Blue Train, where he was having supper in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Clark Kerr, Mr. Clark Kerr being the British Minister to Sweden

Mrs. John Dewar

Lunching at the Ritz and wearing a rather good black ensemble—Cossack hat, and plain black velvet coat, with a high, stiff collar

Below, left: "Buck" lunching at the Carlton just before he set sail for South Africa

Captain Herbert Buckmaster

At the Café de Paris

Clive Brook is dancing with a lovely blonde, whose name was missed; on the right is Lady Anne Hunloke and her partner

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THE advance ballyhoo emitted by Mr. Cochran about the new play written by Sir James Barrie for Elisabeth Bergner strikes us as well up to form. It 's a dweffle big secwet! The actors will have to wait till nearly rehearsal-time before they can even peep at the script! The public are to know absolutely nothing till the first night! Oooo! Coo! S-sh!

Well, we 're in a position, having a fairy Press-agent ourselves, to spill a few advance beans about this business. It 's going to be a pretty tender play. The clou of the plot will be the ache in the heart of Sir James's canary, Maconochie. At a cocktail-party given by the fairies the canary Maconochie gets drunk, like most of the other guests, and Elisabeth Bergner discovers that it never had a mother. While she is worrying tenderly over this a Negro heavyweight, Kid Boloney, challenges her to fight. " Listen, I had no mother, either," he says; " and listen, I 'll just beat the goldarned natal stuffing out of you, sister." During the fight Maconochie zigzags drunkenly away to Oogle - Poogle Land, where the spirits of motherless canaries fly sadly round pecking at Wendy's shoulder-straps. Pretty soon Miss Bergner turns up to mother them all, and naturally comes up against Wendy, who is much annoyed. " Most of us have heartache," says Wendy, ominously. " Somebody here 's going to have ear-ache as well in a minute, believe me."

While they are fighting Maconochie turns out to be a milkman from Kirriemuir who was stolen at birth by the bogles. He marries Miss Bergner (despite her swollen ear) and they return to the fairies' party, where everybody is now breaking things up. The play ends in starlight, with Maconochie happily drinking side-cars out of Miss Bergner's Sunday hat.

That 's the rough outline. As more details come to our notice, you shall know all about them. Meantime, darlings, not a word! S-sh! Isn't it *tewwibly* thwillin'?

Bits and Pieces

WHILE we admire the ingenuity and skill of Bielkine's caricatures, constructed with white paper, scissors and camera, and reproduced in the BYSTANDER, we doubt, very sympathetically, if paper is the ideal medium for bequeathing one's art to Posterity. Epstein, at the other end of the sculptural scale, has chosen a pretty good one. Posterity won't be able to get rid of Epstein's work till the world ends, except by firmly compressing its lips at length and using dynamite. And a pretty grim subject for meditation that is, too. What Posterity will call us when it finds it has " Night " and " Rima " and a few other chefs-d'œuvre on its hands for good is nobody's business.

Perhaps the perpetual coast erosion going on round these islands will provide a less noisy solution. It strikes us that a massive breakwater of Epstein's works defying the winter seas would be rather symbolic. Symbolic (you ask) of what? Well, symbolic of the benefits conferred by Art on the community, for one thing.

Strange Interlude

YOU could have knocked us down with a feather—an ostrich feather, off an iron ostrich—the other morning on a Tube station. The time was ten minutes to one, and we were on our way to luncheon with a wealthy patron. As the train stopped at our station we perceived, emerging from it with graceful aplomb, an elderly woman in evening gown, cloak, silver shoes, and hair-ornament. As she strolled out at the exit we busied ourselves, in our eager old way, with finding plausible explanations for this apparition in broad daylight. Thus:

(1) She thought it was 12.50 at night, and was on her way to an after-dinner party, her maid having culpably forgotten to call her attention to the sun;

(2) She was under the spell of Morgan Le Fay or the witch Nibbidard of Dax, who caused her to assume evening clothes every morning and Harris tweeds every evening, to the scorn and derision of every other princess in Mayfair; and she was doomed to continue thus till waked by a kiss from a fairy financier;

(3) She just *preferred* evening clothes for hunting, shooting, and fishing, and all occasions;

(4) She had taken a vow never to leave off evening clothes, day or night, till the Turk was expelled from Constantinople;

(5) With the burning charity of a St. Elizabeth of Hungary, she had given all her other clothes away to the poor;

(6) Bored to extinction at a party the night before, she had only just

Re-Incarnations

No. 8.—Diana and Apollo

(Lady Diana Cooper and Mr. A. Duff-Cooper)

"Now let me show you one I learned from Mae West"

awakened from a semi-trance to find it was luncheon time;

(7) Her lover, shooting big game in Kenya, had begged her always to wear the costume in which he had first seen her at a dance in Grosvenor Square in 1905.

It then occurred to us that obviously she was a peeress returning by the cheapest route from the Opening of Parliament. We can't tell you how disappointed we felt.

This Picture and That

Two consecutive items in a B.B.C. news-bulletin the other night gave us quite a lot of food for meditation. The first was that the Nazis have banned Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music as frivolous, and that new music (including a Gnomes' Dance) is now being written to replace it by approved Nazi composers. The second was the list of new elections to the Académie Française. Civilisation and the other thing, as it were, in one breath.

It is easy to take a fling at academies, and Alphonse Daudet did it once for all for the Académie Française with the charming irreverence and ruthless wit of *L'Immortel*, making such hay of the academic intrigues and cabals and petticoat influences—women wore 'em in the 'eighties—that now it has all been said by a master nobody need ever say it again. The most amusing incident in *L'Immortel* actually happened in the 'sixties. A wicked literary forger fooled an innocent scientific Academician with a collection of autograph letters, written (mostly in Old French) by such personages as Pontius Pilate, St. Mary Magdalene, Bacon, Charles V., Rabelais, Newton, Iscariot, and Catherine the Great. The scientist paid an immense price for these historic documents, the fraud was discovered, an action was brought, and all France rocked with mirth at the discomfiture of the haughty Maison de Richelieu. The moral is, of course, that almost anyone can fool the

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 8.—Miss Dorothy L. Sayers

The local Inspector is scratching his head
And tearing what 's left of his hair;
Old Sir Feit O'Lampreys has just been found dead
In his winter-weight underwear;
And it *may* be the butler—a sinister bloke—
Who gave him that crack on the nut,
Though the threads are so tangled it 's really no joke
To find out *who* did the deed. But—

There 's always Peter Wimsly,
The bright Lord Peter Wimsly,
To potter round the blood-soaked ground
And turn up clues in layers,
And as the plot progresses
Each reader then confesses
That praise is due in plenty to
Miss Dorothy L. Sayers.

The Yard 's been called in, but the mystery grows,
For someone has just brought to light
The fact that Sir F. clasps a large, poisoned rose
That the Vicar's wife gave him last night;
And the heir to the title 's not missing at all
But traffics in dope in New Cut,
While the family's mascot, a twin-baby's caul,
Was found in his dressing-case. But—

There 's always Peter Wimsly,
The gay Lord Peter Wimsly,
To show a 'tec the way to track
The spoor of wily slayers,
And as the thrills continue
The story 's bound to win you,
For few have such a certain touch
As Dorothy L. Sayers. B. W.

"Darling, I brought this from England"

average scientist, whose childish ignorance of Life is equalled only by the arrogance of his pronouncements on all things human and divine. But we don't think such an incident makes the Académie Française any the less a repository of civilisation, for all its tradition of pedantry and officialdom. We bet no French Academician, alive or dead, would ever have thought of that Nazi business with Mendelssohn, except to amuse the children. It 's the sort of idea that could issue seriously only from a Prussian headpiece.

The Boiled Owl

Now we think of it, an academic literary caste was once nearly established in England by George IV., who had some windy project of founding an Order of Minerva for the booksy boys. The jewel of the Order was to be Minerva's Owl—which seems pretty appropriate—and the ribbon was to be straw-coloured. Unfortunately, as Thackeray said, there was immediately such a row among the *literati* over precedence that Minerva and her owl never came among us.

We 've probably missed a lot of fun. Imagine the hoots and yells of execration at literary cocktail-parties when somebody from another gang got a ribbon! Imagine the intriguing and the scuffling! Estimate the added ferocity of the booksy girls! One thing, at any rate, we could be certain of, that 90 per cent. of our booksy girls would win their decoration on literary merit alone. Which, as the Dubarry observed to Hannah More, is both gratifying and chic.

Pious Founder

High up on the tall, chaste, white façade of yet another new supercinema we noted a medallion in alto-relievo of Friese Greene, the Father of Cinematography. The French stoutly dispute Friese Greene's claim to this distinction and enthrone an inventor of their own, whose name we forget. It 's nothing to make an international crisis about, anyhow.

Whoever invented cinematography, the result remains the same, doesn't it? Similarly with (for example) printing. Why worry who began it? Whoever it was, he could not have foreseen the avalanche of boopadoop which pours from the modern printing-press day and night, week in and week out; otherwise Daddy Caxton, for one, we imagine, would have shudderingly taken a huge axe and demolished the whole works, for Caxton was a good man—like the German monk, Schwartz, who discovered the meaning of gunpowder by being blown through the ceiling.

Ourselves, we often pitch Miss Yearning's latest sex-novel away and reflect on a world without printing; the slow, careful, often exquisite literary calligraphy which would have limited tripe to a minimum; the beautiful decorative business letters, written by scribes on parchment, beginning "*Dear Sir, We are surprised—*" with a huge coloured initial D, full of songbirds and vine-leaves and twining flowers. Has it ever struck you how lovely words like "'Smith" and "action" would look, gilded and illuminated as in a missal? Will you reflect a moment on these things, just to please us? Do you feel, as we do, that Caxton and Schwartz and Friese Greene and a few more of the world's inventor boys started something they 'd probably rather not be reminded about now? Or would you care to join us in a bout of fisticuffs?

"No, it doesn't quite get there—or does it?"

As Worn

One of Lord Dunsany's new stories contains an incident which, on the face of it, strikes us as highly gratifying, though it has elevated the long, snifty nose of at least one critic. Somewhere beyond the sources of the Nile a tribe of natives suddenly appears over the hills, wearing what some people still call "immaculate evening dress." We don't know yet how Lord Dunsany explains this. It appears to us neither abnormal nor surprising.

The influence of the Sahibs is obviously extending. Dressing for dinner night after night in their lonely outposts—we once knew one who was at length reduced to three palm leaves and a bit of black string, which he carefully assumed every night—they cannot fail to have made the most confirmed savage aware that good form is the first essential and an end in itself. We 're told, indeed, that savages are now becoming a bit critical. Bursting into a village of 'Nbongi head-hunters a little time ago, an intrepid friend of ours addressed the chief sternly in fluent 'Nbongo. The chief contemplated him with narrowed eyes and said at length: "I say, *why* do you buy your topees in the Strand?" Our friend, nonplussed and blushing, stammered: "Oh, well——" "You know," continued the chief gently, clashing his nose-rings, "it makes you look more of a cad, perhaps, than you really are, don't you think?"

Joke Coming

We mention the incident merely to show that the wild Dunsany tribesmen in evening dress were just being correct, and no more. It is no doubt impossible to distinguish such people from any social gathering in London, except that they have nicer manners. For all we know, the remotest corners of the world subjected to British influence are now dressing regularly for dinner, and there are probably few rolling stones nowadays who gather no Moss catalogues. The Bystanders.

Engaged and Just Married

Miss Violet Hennessy — *Lenare*

Is engaged to Captain Charles Elphinstone Fordyce, late of the Seaforth Highlanders, and only son of the late B. E. Fordyce, M.B., and Mrs. Fordyce. She is the second daughter of Major Sir George and Lady Hennessy, of 32, Belgrave Square

Mrs. Arthur Leveson — *Bassano*

Right: Olivia Campbell that was, now the wife of the only son of the late Admiral Sir Arthur Leveson and Lady Leveson, is the daughter of the Rev. the Hon. Nigel and Mrs. Campbell, of Speen Cottage, Newbury, and a cousin of the Earl of Cawdor

Miss Diana Wyld — *Stuart Hamilton*

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wyld, of Essendon Close, Hatfield, and is engaged to Flight-Lieut. Harry Manners Mellor, Air Equerry to the Prince of Wales, and son of the late S. M. Mellor and Mrs. Alfred Westmacott, of Bembridge, I.O.W.

Miss Gwynfa Burton Chadwick — *Hay Wrightson*

Is engaged to George D'Arcy Edmondson; she is the only daughter of Sir Burton and Lady Chadwick, of 41, Bramham Gardens

Miss Jacqueline Castellani — *Bertram Park*

Right: Jacqueline Castellani, the only daughter of Sir Aldo and Lady Castellani, is engaged to Sir Miles Lampson, the High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Lady Anne Rhys

Sketched at the Snow Ball at Claridge's last week, at which she helped to sell programmes. She was wearing a white satin dress with seed pearl embroidery

The Princess Royal in Derbyshire

The Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth just before the Royal Wedding, for a shooting party. Here are the Duchess of Devonshire and the Princess Royal leaving Edensor Church after Sunday morning service, with Lord Harewood and the Duke of Devonshire coming along behind

Two Visiting Royalties

The Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia and Princess Helen of Rumania were in the large Royal party at the Snow Ball. Princess Helen was wearing a beautiful diamond necklace and ear-rings

THE Royal Wedding is over. And London has proved to the rest of the world that it certainly does know how to enjoy itself on such an occasion. Crowded streets, decorations everywhere, gala nights, and a general air of gaiety and happiness have permeated the whole atmosphere for the masses, while for those who have been fortunate enough to have been invited to the Royal parties there have been experiences never to be forgotten. Both the Duke and Duchess of Kent have done their best to make the wedding festivities bright for all their personal friends. The King and Queen just won the hearts of all who were for the first time attending a party at Buckingham Palace.

AT the Tuesday night's party there was less formality than is usual on such State occasions. The Queen looked magnificent, and the whole setting, with the lovely Princess bride-to-be as the central figure, was one only to be found at the Court of the King of England. There had been a smaller dinner-party for a hundred guests the evening before, and on the Wednesday afternoon over a thousand guests were invited to St. James's Palace to see the wedding presents. Among such a magnificent collection it is hard to single out any special gift, but that to the Duchess from the King and Queen, a long diamond necklace with a pendant attached of diamonds, with a large pearl in the centre, seemed the most beautiful.

IT was a wonderful week for the "country cousin" division. Ever since the first notes of the trumpet which heralded the Royal engagement, the moths have no longer been able to hold their autumn gala in the feather boas. It was outside

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON (continued)

Quaglino's that I saw, dismounting from a taxi, four charming old ladies, well boa-ed up, who exclaimed to their sole elderly escort: "Well, here we are, I suppose; this *must* be the place. Isn't it lovely?" And round all the restaurants it was the same, rather like Sandown on Grand Military Day, when the regular racegoers are swamped in a sea of temporary strangers.

It was a pity some of them did not pop in to the San Marco on its opening night: they would really have seen life, with the Venetian scenes on the walls, and another one acted on the dance-floor. For, as is quite usual in Venice, there was a quarrel. "A cross marks the spot where the body was found." As the portly Viscount, Lord Castlerosse, so aptly remarked, "Facta, non verba."

Lady Castlerosse is now in residence at Hanover Lodge, which she has taken from the Hofmannstahls (she was Princess Serge Obolensky before her marriage). Captain Buckmaster has again slipped off down the Thames in a cargo-boat bound for Durban, this time making sure of taking several bottles of the famous green ink with which he writes to his friends. He has bought a racehorse out of the Royal stable, and it will be his only companion on the voyage.

Lady Louis Mountbatten has arrived in Tahiti; her step-mother, Lady Mount Temple, gave a small cocktail-party the other day upon her return from Broadlands. The Nick Prinseps are giving a pantomime party on New Year's Eve, and all the guests have to come disguised as pantomime characters, with masks.

A cable from Hollywood from Cliff Whitley tells me that he is not there sightseeing. As it is not his first visit, he does not have to waste time looking about, for I gather that he is importing to London half the film colony for his forthcoming revue in January, and, of course, the Dorchester will have its share, too. The Yacht Club Boys have sailed back to New York after their long spell at the Café de Paris. They are a good turn, but not cheap, as some of those discovered who wanted to engage them for private parties.

The Charles Sweenys gave a party of one hundred and forty-eight at the Embassy. The Prince of Wales had been reported to be attending, to which fact a great deal of advance notice was given to everybody. But he was not there on that night, though he was with Lord Dudley in a party the next night after the Buckingham Palace reception.

Those who went to the concert at the Hyde Park Hotel organised by Mrs. Augustus Ralli for the West London Hospital heard Arthur Rubinstein playing at his very best—especially Scriabin's nocturne for the left hand only. Suggia did not seem to have the power that she exercised about ten years ago. Lady Oxford and Princess Hohenlohe were in the audience, so was Ivor Newton, who had just returned from accompanying (on the piano) Conchita Supervia on her Irish tour. The sight of the buxom Spanish prima donna climbing into a jaunting-car brought forth a chorus of "Begorrahs" from the worthy Hibernians. Her husband, Mr. Ben Rubinstein, is in North America making a corner in pine-forests, after which he goes to South America to find a new line in orchids for his nurseries.

At the Queen's Hall on Monday night there was not a seat vacant when Hephzibah Menuhin and brother Yehudi ("Hep" and "Yew" to their friends) gave a really wonderful sonata recital. "Hep" sat down at the piano with the intensity of a governess playing before a ducal household after tea, but she certainly "trotted out the stuff." Lady Ludlow, Baron Franckenstein, Sir Hamilton Harty, and Count John McCormack were there to hear this young pair, who fill any hall in London that they want to—yet in the provinces there are often empty seats.

Hofmann played at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday night, also at Londonderry House on the Thursday for the Aeolus Society, which Miss Olga Lynn keeps up to its usual high standard. On the Wednesday Stravinsky had a very full house for a concert of only his own works. Ida Rubinstein "declaimed" in Comédie Française style (deep-throated and tragic-looking) the speaking part of *Perséphone*, which was having its first performance in England. Opinions about Stravinsky's music are so varied. "I love some—I hate the rest" sums up the general view, though you must not say that to Lord Berners, for instance. Mr. Somerset Maugham, William Walton, Dr. Adrian Boult, and Miss "Hoytie" Wiborg were others at this concert.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

In Oxford Street it's quite the usual thing to have to walk in the gutter to avoid being knocked about, but one really doesn't expect to have to do it in Bond Street. However, we don't have Royal Wedding week every week of the year, so with good grace we put up with discomfort in the form of vast crowds. When we had time to look between the bumps last week, we saw Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Yorke (née Pauline Fletcher), obviously just back from their honeymoon, and she supporting an enormous regimental badge. Further down the street we saw Mrs. Robin Bushman emerge from a beauty specialist, and round the corner came Mrs. Archie Crabb, that attractive Canadian, wearing a navy-blue Marina pill-box hat with her fur coat. Crossing Berkeley Square, in danger of losing his life, and that of his bull-mastiff, we saw

The Owner of the Duke and Duchess of Kent's First Home

Lady Juliet Duff, who is a niece of the Earl of Lonsdale, was photographed in her house, 3, Belgrave Square, which the Duke and Duchess of Kent have taken on a short lease. It is not one of the largest of the Belgrave Square houses, but is particularly well arranged and well proportioned, and has been perfectly modernised by Lady Juliet Duff herself

The Royal Bride and Bridegroom, Best Man and Bridesmaids *Bassano*

A group taken at Buckingham Palace after the wedding: Princess Katherine of Greece, Lady Iris Mountbatten, the Prince of Wales, who was best man with the Duke of York in support, Lady Mary Cambridge (at his feet), Princess Eugenie of Greece, the Duchess and the Duke of Kent, Princess Kyra of Russia, Princess Elizabeth (at her feet), the Duke of York, Princess Irene of Greece, and Princess Juliana of the Netherlands

Colonel Streatfeild, father of Rosemary and Mrs. John Hallett.

THE Ritz for the pre-lunch cocktail is as packed and fashionable as ever, and the other day we saw such people as Lady Cope of Bramshill, that famous Elizabethan house in Hampshire, with her small daughter; Lady Bridget Poulett in royal blue, with her dyed ermine coat; Mrs. Jules Thompson (of course), this time in red and leopard-skin fur, lunching with Mrs. Wills ("de Winton," please), who wore black, and Princess Hohenthal. Miss Joan Clarkson, who was looking most attractive in brown everything and a glorious mink coat, was kept waiting a bit by her boy friend. Lady Charles Cavendish, chic as ever, in black, was greeting friends right and left, and Thelma Lady Furness, back just in time for the Royal Wedding, was another wearer of black. She added a touch of colour to her get-up by wearing a red velvet cravat round her neck.

THE other night at the Savoy we saw a goodly collection of people. Miss Fanny Ward again came to our notice, this time without the silver foxes. Mrs. Andrew Ferguson, in duck-egg blue (or do we call it "Marina green" now?) was in a party, and Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, she in red, were together, as were Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Williams.

HUNTING in Leicestershire is in full swing again, and such regulars have been seen out as Major Geoffrey Harbord, who is at Warwick Lodge this year, and the Reggie Farquhars. Talking of them, reminds us that his brother, Sir Peter, is being a roaring success in the Whaddon country, and has already shown excellent sport. Mrs. George Pretyman is another we 've seen. She is Lord Cranworth's eldest daughter. Some have already been injured, and among them Sir Harold Nutting, Master of the Quorn, and Sir Raymond Greene. Hunt balls will soon be coming along, and County balls, too. One of the most popular is the Stamford Infirmary Ball, and it looks like being a seething mass again this year. Lady Willoughby de Eresby is the patroness this time, and she is bound to take a large party over from Swinstead Hall. Lady Kesteven is another who always entertains for this gala. She is the mother of Miss Mariegold Lubbock, Joint-Master with Lord Londesborough of the Blankney. Another of her daughters is Mrs. James Howard, who lives at Market Overton, also in the vicinity.

A DÉBUTANTE for next year to keep an eye open for is Miss Penelope Mills, Lord and Lady Hillingdon's eldest daughter. Her way is well paved with lovely aunts, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Stanley and Lady de Trafford. She is still in Paris, but is going to be allowed a preliminary canter at the hunt balls. As her father is Master of the Grafton we expect that will be the one she will make her first appearance at. She has two sisters, Ursula who 's sixteen, and ten-year-old Marygold.

WHOEVER suggested having the Red Cross Ball at Grosvenor House on the eve of the Royal Wedding couldn't have chosen better. It was a mob. Everybody you could think of was there, and a lot you never *had* thought of. Lord Apsley was at a table for two, and Lord and Lady Eltisley had a party of definitely larger dimensions. Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell (how attractive she is to look at), in midnight-blue, was dancing with Mr. Mark Ogilvy-Grant. Mr. Teddy Jessel and Lady Sibell Lygon we saw together, while Lady Marguerite Strickland danced round with her husband. Mr. "Gussy" Schweder we caught sight of occasionally among the masses of beige tulle belonging to his partner, who was of much the same build as himself. Lady Hambleden was another we saw, looking as handsome and distinguished as usual, in black with a lovely tiara of diamonds. Lady Brougham and Vaux was in a large party with the Clive Loehnis's, she looking lovely in black with some of her many heavenly jewels. MRS. PEEPS

Miss Nora Swinburne: an Apology

IN our issue of November 13th we published a paragraph referring to the Theatre Restaurant and a sketch depicting Miss Nora Swinburne lunching there.

The paragraph stated that Miss Swinburne had become a "regular" and the caption published with the sketch stated that she was an "habituée" of the restaurant.

We regret that these statements were incorrect. Miss Swinburne informs us that as she herself is personally interested in the El Patio Restaurant, Rupert Street, she is not, and is never likely to be, a "regular" at the Theatre Restaurant, and that she has never lunched there with the other persons referred to in the paragraph, or as depicted in the sketch. We tender our apologies to Miss Swinburne for the mistake and for any annoyance which she has suffered in consequence.

Forms and Uniforms

Seen Leaving the Abbey

Captain and Mrs. Archie Campbell, who were in the Abbey for the Service

Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob and Miss St. John Montague

Monsieur Konstanty Skirmunt, the Polish Ambassador, and Mme. Skirmunt

Colonel the Hon. Frederick Guest looked very distinguished in his uniform

Above: Señor Dr. Regis de Oliveira, Brazilian Ambassador, and his wife were two more members of the Corps Diplomatique present

Left: Mr. A. Duff Cooper, D.S.O., and Lady Diana Duff Cooper

Going Away

The Start of the Honeymoon

The Duke and Duchess of Kent waving to the crowds from the open carriage in which they drove to the station

Right: the Royal couple found a transformed Paddington, with flowers and ferns and carpets, as their last sight of London before engine King George V. steamed off to Worcestershire

And This is Paddington

Wedding Week Goings-On

At the Theatre

Top: Mr. Charles Perry and Lady Patricia Mackay went to see "The Greeks Had a Word for It," the new American comedy

Centre: Mr. Charles Birkin and Mrs. John Bailey, Mr. Winston Churchill's eldest daughter, were also at the Duke of York's

Below: Mrs. Guy Wyndham and Mrs. Reginald Forbes went together to the same cheerful show on its first night

Swaebe

A Charity Dinner at the Savoy

Above: Lady Loftus, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, vice-president of the Plaistow Maternity Hospital, in aid of which the dinner was given, Lord Loftus and Mrs. Woolland

Left: Mr. Stanley Barratt Master of the Old Berkeley, and Mrs. Barratt were also at the dinner

The W.A.S.A. Annual Dinner

Lady (Malcolm) Campbell talking to Lord Curzon, Lord Howe's son, at the Women's Automobile and Sports Association's annual dinner, which was held last week at the May Fair

Lady Dorothea Ashley Cooper talking to the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt at the Savoy

Swaebe

Above: the Hon. Mrs. John Gilmour, the deputy chairman of the Plaistow Maternity Hospital appeal, is with Miss Ruth Primrose and Miss Christie-Miller

Sasha

Left: Hildegarde, the American cabaret star, whom Capt. Covell brought over from Paris to appear at the Carlton, is dancing with the Captain himself

Dancing at the Carlton

Right: the American Ambassador and Mrs. Bingham at the annual Thanksgiving Day dinner held by the American Society

A Portuguese Reunion

Doña Geneveva Ulrich, the wife of the Portuguese Ambassador, and Suggia, the great 'cellist, at the first meeting for fifty years of the Portuguese Colony in London, which was held at their Embassy

Thanksgiving Day Dinner

Mr. Rodney Prizer, the chairman and hon. secretary of the American Society in London, with his two daughters, Daphne and Joyce, at the Dorchester, where the annual Thanksgiving Day dinner was held last week

Swaebe

Mr. J. Drummond, the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness and her mother, Mrs. Theodore Wessel, at the Menuhin sonata recital at Queen's Hall last Monday

Below : Mr. Somerset Maugham and Miss G. B. Stern were two of the celebrities in the crowded audience that heard the two Menuhins play

Swaebe

Young Genius

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin's Success as Duettists

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin Practising Before Their Concert

Swaebe

Countess McCormack, whose husband's own recital took place on Sunday at the Albert Hall, sat next Sir Hamilton Harty at the concert

YEHUDI MENUHIN made his London début five years ago, when he was twelve. Since his great success then as a truly prodigious infant prodigy, his recitals have all been important musical events. But none of them has been sold out so long before the day as last Monday's at the Queen's Hall, when he appeared with his fourteen-year-old sister, Hephzibah. She was making her first appearance in London as a pianist, and played with her brother three sonatas, Mozart, Schumann and Beethoven, with such intelligence, technique and promise that even the critics allowed themselves the pleasure of praising her highly

Men Without Homes

"Refugees," the Banned Ufa Film at the Curzon

Below: Käthe von Nagy

Laudy (Eugen Klöpfer), the leader of the German refugees from the Volga, and his sister, Kristja (Käthe von Nagy),

Left: Käthe von Nagy, the clever young German actress who plays lead opposite Hans Albers in "Refugees," at the Curzon

Hans Albers

Hans Albers, who is one of the most popular screen stars on the Continent, plays the part of Arneth, a German in Chinese employ, who helps the party of refugees to escape from Charbin, whither they have fled from Soviet Russia; he falls in love with Kristja, the sister of their leader. The film was banned by the Censor, for political reasons, but licensed by the L.C.C. It is directed by Gustav Ucicky

The Catastrophe of War in Manchuria

Lord Doverdale's Shoot at Westwood Park, in Worcestershire

The Hon. Aline Partington, Lord Doverdale's only daughter, with Mr. Cornelius Dresselhuys

Lord Gainford talking, between drives, to Lord Cobham, who is Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire

Lord Doverdale changing guns during a drive; he is a J.P., and Deputy Lieutenant for Worcestershire

November Steeplechasing at Lingfield

Top: Miss Nan McGowan, Sir Harry McGowan's daughter, and her brother watching the numbers up

Top: Miss Beatrice Baker, one of Mrs. Bernard Baker's daughters, is with Mrs. Michael Stratton

Below: Miss Luscomb and Miss Violet de Worms were racing together at the rather foggy Lingfield meeting

Below: Mrs. Dick Thrale, the wife of the trainer-jockey, talking to Mrs. Bisgood in the paddock

Above, right: the Duchess of Northumberland, who is the Master of the Percy, was out on foot at the meet at Lucker Station

A Novelist's Wife and the

Mrs. Warwick Deeping, the wife of novelist, was one of the foot brigade for the meet of the Quorn at Barsby,

And Then There's Always The Country

Where People Shoot Pheasants, Chase Foxes, and Go Racing

Hounds

the well-known who turned out near Leicester

Out With the Belvoir

Lady Ursula Manners with her Peke, and Miss Fiona Colquhoun, with her arm in a sling, were out on foot at the Belvoir meet at Thorpe Arnold

Out With the Quorn

Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth, she on foot and he in full horse-riding array, walking round together at Barsby, when the Quorn had their meet there

Half of a Popular Engagement

Captain Robert Laycock, Sir Joseph Laycock's son, out with the Fernie for the first time since his hunting accident. His engagement to Miss Angela Dudley Ward was announced a week or two back

And Out With the Fernie

Captain and Mrs. Hignett were also out on the Fernie's Kibworth day, when the sun was too hot for good scent. Captain Hignett is adjutant of the Leicestershire Yeomanry

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Lynd Looks at Both Sides

By Alan Thomas

THERE are very few men in the world I would like to see as Dictator of England. I could number them, as the saying goes, on the fingers of one hand—and even then I should have at least three fingers to spare. But one of the men would be Robert Lynd (alias "Y. Y."). I knew beforehand that I should agree with every one of his decrees. It is not to be supposed, of course, that Mr. Lynd would be the conventional Dictator. I could not see him, for example, appearing on a balcony and addressing ten thousand people—or, even if I could see him, I am sure I should never be able to hear what he said. His unobtrusiveness, in fact, would be one of the qualities that would distinguish him from his fellow-dictators. If Hitler ever attended a football match, his arrival would, I feel, be heralded by something like a flourish of trumpets, and there would be a special stand for him to sit in. Lynd, on the other hand, would insist on slipping in quietly through the turnstile and mingling with the crowd. Or if, through some misinterpretation of his instructions, a parade were to be held in his honour, it would not be Lynd who would take the salute. He would probably be discovered in bed, dreaming of the Dartford Warbler.

But there—we shall never enjoy the sanity and tolerance of a Lynd dictatorship. For one thing, he would never take the job. All we can do is to accept what he gives us and be thankful. His latest offering is a little book of essays entitled *Both Sides of the Road* (Methuen; 5*s*.). In it he discusses everything, from top-hats to marriage, from bath-water to impatience. I advise you to take a course of these essays straightaway. One a day regularly after dinner. You will find them a wonderful corrective for the troubles of our age.

In his new book, "South to Cadiz" (Heinemann), Mr. H. M. Tomlinson introduces three friends anonymously into his text. Two of them are now revealed as Mr. H. Horsnell and Mr. Robert Lynd, whose volume of essays is reviewed on this page, and all three can be seen above in that order

THE latest manifestation of the craze for modernity is a book entitled *The Fairies Return; or, New Tales for Old* (Peter Davies, Ltd.; 8*s*. 6*d*.). It is a collection of traditional fairy stories retold for grown-ups in a modern setting. The authors are a distinguished bunch, including A. E. Coppard, E. M. Delafield, Eric Linklater, A. G. Macdonell, Helen Simpson, Lady Eleanor Smith, and G. B. Stern; and the different handling which each of them gives to the theme successfully dispels any danger of monotony.

Some of the characters are made to move with the times. For example, the modern counterpart of Puss-in-Boots is frankly a cynic: "I know the secret of getting on in London," the cat is made to remark. "My ancestor . . . handed down three useful precepts. The first is Bluff; and the second and third are the same." Sindbad the Sailor, on the other hand, retains his innocence: on his eighth and last voyage he acts as commentator, guide and director to passengers cruising in search of pleasure. They come to "a large promontory" that was green with well-tended grass, though here and there in the grass were sandy pits, and some parts of the grass were closer cropped than others. These parts were decorated with little flags . . . and we perceived lying on the grass a large number of small objects, white and round, like the eggs of some little bird. Seeing these, the passengers grew very excited and shouted, 'The golf! The golf!' Now this shouting astonished me, for I knew of no bird called the golf. . . ."

Mr. A. G. Macdonell writes with his usual verve. His story concerns Muredach Conaill Aodh-na-Ardflaith Alastair Barber and the two score of shareholders of the Sesame Finance Syndicate, Limited—in other words, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves! A most entertaining book and one to be recommended for the Christmas stocking.

IN *They Knew Mr. Knight* (John Murray; 7*s*. 6*d*.), Mrs. Dorothy Whipple has delivered the goods. The book has exactly the qualities that a novel addict requires when settling down to indulge his (or, more probably, her) vice on a winter's evening in a comfortable chair by the fire. It tells a capital story; it is full of good portraiture, and it rings true to life. Moreover, there is a first-class villain. He is the Mr. Knight of the title, and "They" are the Blake family—mother, father, son, and two daughters. Before the advent of Laurence Knight, the Blakes were hard up but happy in their little villa in the Grove. A little more money, of course, would not have come amiss. . . . Enter Mr. Knight, with his Clarence Hatry ideas of finance and his get-rich-quick schemes, in which Thomas Blake becomes so involved that after a few years of rickety success he ends in Lincoln Gaol. It is a very moral tale that Mrs. Whipple tells, but, for all that, a very human one. Much of it is seen through the eyes of Celia, Thomas Blake's wife, who seemed to me a real creation with her feminine common sense, her mistrust of Mr. Knight and all his works, and, above all, her courage in the face of ultimate disaster. She won my affection from the start and never let me down. Mrs. Whipple has written a delightful book which I unreservedly recommend.

LAST week I mentioned a couple of picture books that had given me great pleasure. Here are two others, one of which pleased me. I refer to *Fun Fair*, by Fougasse (Hutchinson; 9*s*. 6*d*.). Grace, life and suggestiveness are the qualities that immediately spring to the eye when you look at Fougasse's drawings. Take, for example, the picture on page 38, in which a man, accosting another in the street, exclaims: "By Jove! It 's old Robinson, or I 'm a Dutchman." And the other man, politely raising his hat, replies: "Goeden Morgen, mijnheer." The figures are done with the fewest possible number of lines, and are typical of the qualities I have mentioned. Fougasse is also a master of the "crowded" picture. Look at the drawing on page 29—an audience of over two hundred people. No two faces are quite the same, and each face is "alive." *Fun Fair* will be a lasting joy.

THE other book is called *The Beastly Birthday Book*, compiled by Nicolas Bentley, who also drew the pictures (Methuen; 5*s*.). This choice volume, full of impolite quotations, is dedicated "To those of my friends and relations for whom certain of these extracts have been chosen with loving care." "Loving care" is good. Inevitably one looks up one's own birthday. In my case, I am greeted with the following—

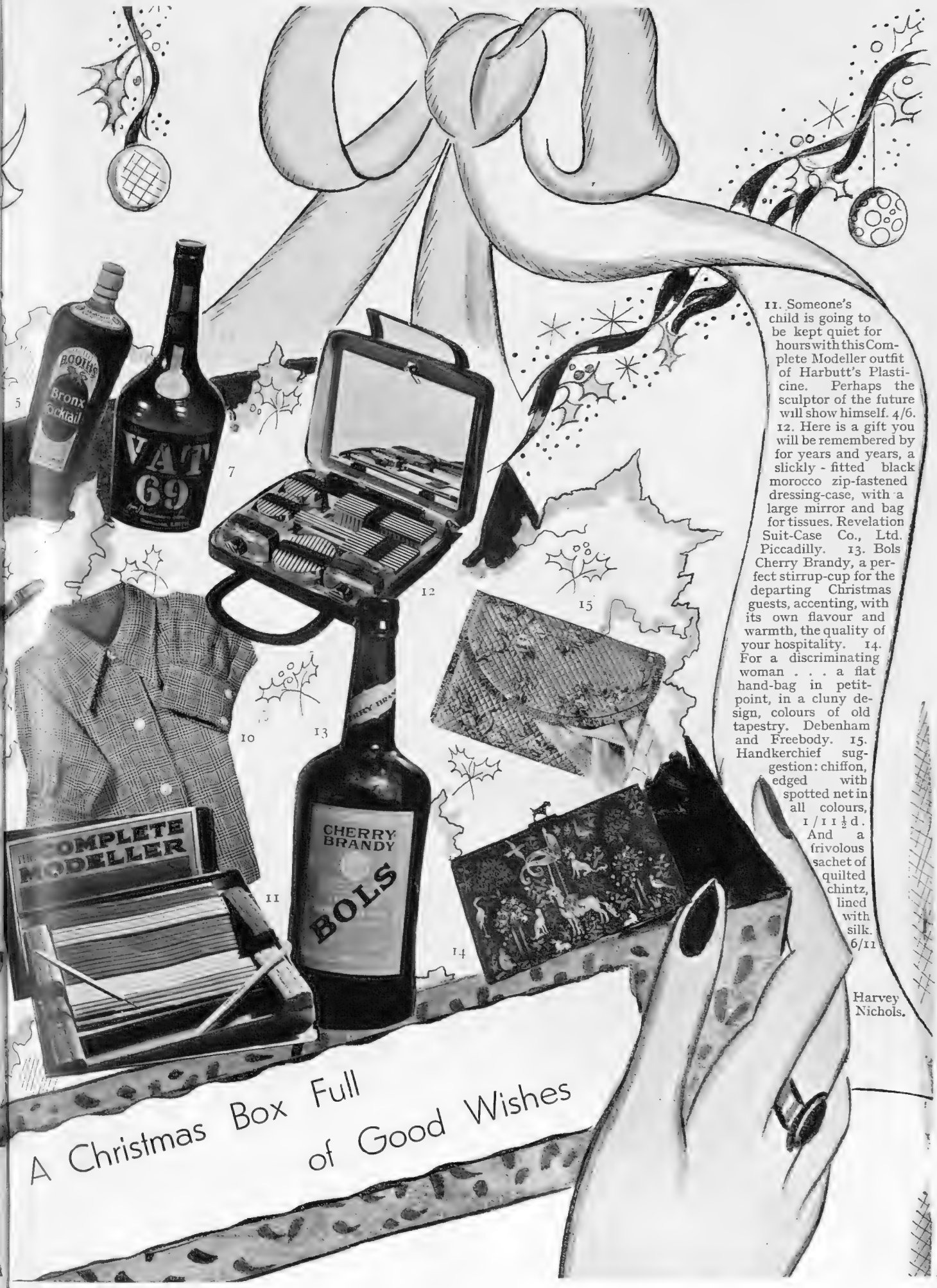
> Rotund, red-faced, and short of leg,
> Bull-necked and bandy-kneed.

Thank you, Mr. Bentley—and the same to you! But perhaps I am more fortunate than, say, the lady born on March 29th, of whom it is observed: "I never saw anybody take so long to dress and with such little result."

The drawings are done with the same competent impoliteness. This is a queer age and our tastes have developed in unexpected directions. I dare say there are people who will like to receive this book. But I should be careful to whom you send it.

FOR a small girl who hunts or rides, a crop with pigskin hand-part, two silver mounts, and stitched keeper with buck hook. 16/6, George Parker. . . . A powder-blue back powder-puff with a chromium telescopic handle folds up into a silver box. 7/6, Boots. . . . Huntley and Palmers Poppies chocolate biscuits. Delicious biscuits and a really decorative tin. . . . John Jameson's Irish Whisky, for your friend the connoisseur. . . . Near relation to the famous Louis Philippe lipstick—Louis Philippe face powder, velvety, adhering, in shades that are near to nature. In a box, with a gilt lid. 4/6. . . . Mackintosh's Cuddly Kitten is a pleasant container of their Assortment de Luxe. 1/6. . . . Bronnley's, who make the magical Ess Viotto for the hands, offer a pleasant gift box of talcum, bath cubes, and beauty soap, scented with their new English Fern perfume. 3/6. . . . Why not a camera? Here are two from Wallace Heaton. The Super Ikonta, fitted with an automatic range-finder. From £16 12s. 6d. . . . and the Mackinette, the smallest of all high-speed miniature cameras. £25.

1. Perfect port wine from a distinguished, old-established firm of wine merchants. Hedges and Butler. 2. A luxury that is almost a Christmas necessity—champagne from Charles Heidseick. 3. Pipe addicts affirm that the British Buttner pipe, with its clever, absorbent filter, gives them the ideal smoke. 4. Cocktail-shaking experts behind the best bars always use Booth's Gin. They should know. 5. Cocktail-drinking experts approve of Booth's Bronx Cocktail, ready shaken. 6. If somebody wants to give you a watch for Christmas, go along too, and choose the Britannic, an attractive expanding gold watch bracelet. 7. Give Scotch liqueur whisky, Vat 69. Your friends will call you a thought-reader. 8. Cigarettes? 150 Wills's Gold Flake, all dressed up for Christmas, in a useful-ever-afterwards cedar-wood box. 9. Or a tin of 60 De Reszke Minors, in a Christmas greetings packet ready for posting. 10. A smart Aertex shirt in a brown and beige check design.



A Christmas Box Full of Good Wishes

11. Someone's child is going to be kept quiet for hours with this Complete Modeller outfit of Harbutt's Plasticine. Perhaps the sculptor of the future will show himself. 4/6. 12. Here is a gift you will be remembered by for years and years, a slickly-fitted black morocco zip-fastened dressing-case, with a large mirror and bag for tissues. Revelation Suit-Case Co., Ltd. Piccadilly. 13. Bols Cherry Brandy, a perfect stirrup-cup for the departing Christmas guests, accenting, with its own flavour and warmth, the quality of your hospitality. 14. For a discriminating woman . . . a flat hand-bag in petit-point, in a cluny design, colours of old tapestry. Debenham and Freebody. 15. Handkerchief suggestion: chiffon, edged with spotted net in all colours, 1/11½d. And a frivolous sachet of quilted chintz, lined with silk. 6/11

Harvey Nichols.

Golf Clubs at Home

The Newport Golf Club, Monmouth

(1) Walter Meacock (captain, South Wales Chartered Accountants G. S.) and A. M. Cullimore. (2) R. C. Jones and J. Rice Jones (chairman, Green Committee). (3) Dr. Howard Jones (the club's first secretary) and J. B. A. Common. (4) H. B. Norton-Nash (chairman, House Committee) and H. W. Baddeley (hon. sec.). (5) J. A. Chapman (ex-captain) and Tom Blandford (captain of the club). (6) F. P. Robjent (ex-captain) and Sir Thomas Allen. (7) Roger Chapman, Treharne Morgan, Lieut.-Colonel H. C. P. Thompson, and Dr. W. J. Roche

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"Belle of the 'Nineties"

FILMS of the DAY

The Most Unpopular Favourites

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

MANY a census has been taken in connection with the popularity of film stars, but Mr. Sydney Bernstein has gone one better and has asked for votes to decide which are the least liked among film actors and actresses. Apparently Mae West wins the unpopularity stakes from all the women, and James Cagney just beats George Raft and Lee Tracey. Judging by the size and evident enjoyment of Miss West's and Mr. Cagney's audiences, cinema patrons just love hating!

I DO not think it is the man or woman who has "hate-fans." It is the kind of rôle they play which earns expression of disapproval from English audiences. Even so, I think there is a degree of hypocrisy, or maybe fear, in this attitude. I imagine that the majority of voters are women, and I can think of at least two reasons why women should vote against Mae West. They cannot like the blatant exposure of predatory feminine methods. True, no "nice woman" would recognise her own blandishments in Miss West's exaggerations and italicised exploitation of "man's worst instincts." But there is an uncomfortable feeling that something is being exposed which it is better to leave in obscurity—something more than those too-patent curves and provocative undulations. Woman is the secret sex—or still tries to be, and by answering all riddles in the affirmative, Mae West has been, perhaps, less than loyal to her more evasive sisters.

THE other reason why women remain impervious to, or resentful of, her personality is the instinctive fear they have of the woman who can, by whatever method, take for herself any man she wants at the moment. It is quite vain for a man to say: "Good heavens! *I* should never be caught by tricks like that! I can't bear bold and obvious women." In their hearts, women believe that all men are "suckers" (perhaps they have their own private reasons), and women of Mae West's type seem to them a menace. Perhaps, when they vote against her, it is because they want to make the world safe for wives to live in!

"BELLE OF THE 'NINETIES" they may go to see because, in this picture, Mae West wears some of the most glorious interpretations of the fashions of those days. Never were enormous hats more bounteously befeathered, décolletages more generous, corseted curves more scintillatingly sheathed; and her coiffurial uplift is elaborate and impressive.

But Mae West has modified her technique: the suggestive and often witty lines are there, but the emphasising pauses are shorter and so, therefore, are the laughs they evoke. Many of the "insinuendoes" by-pass the audience, who expect her to underline her double and treble meanings with voice and gesture and glance.

The story is banal: a good girl gone wrong (but making a success of it). Oscar Wilde wrote something to the effect that the danger of being in the fashion was that one so soon became out-of-date. Is it possible that Mae West's genre is already démodé? Or is the purity campaign to blame? You can't have your Mae West and cheat her—of her personal implication. Her singing of dreary spirituals is quite "out of the picture"—or should be. John Miljan, as the villain, is commendably appropriate to the presumptive date, and there is some lively melodrama and a grand fire at the end; but Mae West should remember that she is no angel, and not try to be one, not even in Victorian finery, with somewhat singed wings.

THE "unpopularity" of James Cagney, who always fills a cinema house to capacity, is equivalent to the hissing of the villain by ingenuous audiences in the past. It is just too bad that a guy should be so tough and treat his girl so rough! But as long as he is in pictures full of thrills and can pull a gun, shoot a fist, and put over wise-cracks with such expedition, he need not fear for his fan mail.

IN *Here Comes the Navy*, his latest vehicle (or should one, in this connection, say "vessel"?), the American Navy is "in support." The greater part of the picture was made during actual manœuvres. Though it is doubtless very desirable that the film industry should be supported, the navy of the U.S.A. cannot be said to have secured great prestige by its kindly assistance, for the situations are mainly farcical and discipline subjected to drama. Pat O'Brien is the butt for Cagney's maledictions and wise-cracks, with Frank McHugh assisting ably in the humorous episodes. Cagney should reverse some of the anti-votes, as he performs two heroic acts and so deservedly gains promotion and "finds the lady," played by Gloria Stuart, not quite up to the Joan Blondell standard.

ANYWAY, if you cannot have too much of a good thing, or a bad man, *He Was Her Man*, at the Regal not so long ago, is still to be tracked down. *The Perfect Week-End*, in which the milk racket succeeds the beer racket as an excuse for crookery, is shortly due for presentation, so Cagney fans can easily indulge in their weekly hate.

Above: Mae West as Ruby Carter, the musical comedy star, and Roger Pryor as the Tiger Kid, the boxer she falls for, in her latest extravaganza of love and rough stuff, which is now at the Plaza

Right: James Cagney's new film at the Regal has lots of big Navy stuff, wise-cracks, drama, and the love interest that's provided by blonde Gloria Stuart as his girl-friend

"Here Comes the Navy"

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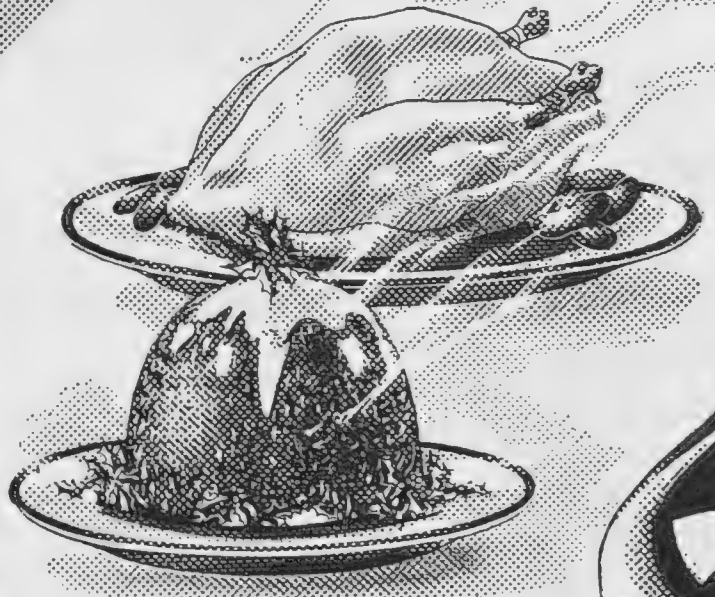

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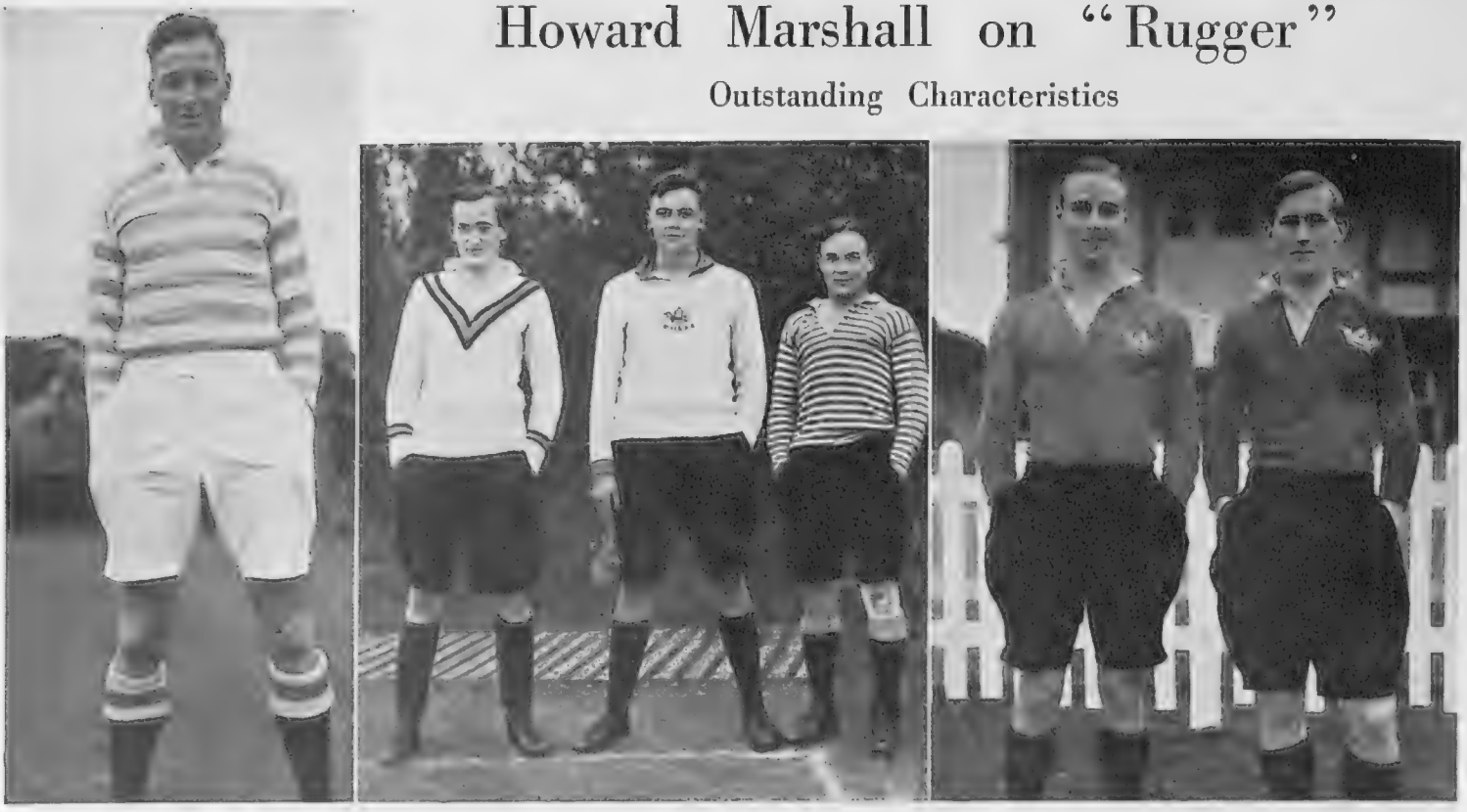
Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Outstanding Characteristics



Some Personalities Appearing in the 'Varsity "Rugger" Match

W. Wooller (Rydal and Christ's), the Cambridge centre three-quarter and International, has quite recovered the form which caused him to play for Wales while at school

E. S. Nicholson (Marlborough and Wadham), who has been tried for England, Martin Wray (St. George's, Harpenden and Wadham), and J. W. McShane (Sydney, Australia and New College), secretary of the Oxford "Rugger" team, 1934-5.

A half and three-quarter of Oxford University Rugby XV. who are both Internationals. Left: Kenneth Jackson, the Scottish International stand-off half, who is also a cricket Blue; and right, H. D. B. Lorraine, who plays for Oxford (and Scotland) at centre three-quarters and captains the team

As I begin to toy with this article, a lady crooner informs me, through a quivering wireless set, that nobody believes her to be a mermaid, though really she is. A pathetic situation, and I feel there is a moral in it somewhere. Possibly it may be applied to the gentlemen who adorn the back row of the scrummage. Nobody nowadays thinks they are forwards, but really—what a cry from the heart this is!—really, they are, poor dears.

They have other things in common with mermaids. Nothing fishy, you will understand; but mermaids, so the best icthyologists tell me, are demonstrably scarce.

So, I am led to believe, are back-row forwards; really good men, that is to say. And here I must break in with a tragic and true story. The English Selectors have discovered two back-row men of remarkable and outstanding ability. Fast and uncommonly intelligent, they are ready-made candidates for the England back row. And one of them—here 's the rub—is a Scotsman, and the other has admitted that, though born in England, both his parents are Welsh. The Selectors' lot is not a happy one.

I THINK, myself, that there are some pretty useful back-row forwards about. To begin with, the Blackheath trio are no slouches, and A. G. Cridlan, especially, is playing with rare fire just now. I can't help feeling that Cridlan has been a little unlucky, for ever since his Oxford days he has proved himself an uncommonly spirited and clever skirmisher. An England cap might well have come his way before now. The long Bailey, of Blackheath, too, we respect as a player who revels in the rough stuff; and many a worse forward than D. T. Kemp has represented his country. And how about R. Watkins, the Navy destroyer; and Mycock and Fry, of Lancashire; and J. McD. Hodgson, the big Northern forward; and P. W. P. Brook and D. H. Swayne, of the Harlequins? Then there is Peter Hordern, and I have an idea that England could do with him against Wales.

IT may be that I say this to sustain a determined mood of optimism, particularly at this period in the season, when Selectors and other eminent personages are apt to be depressed. The fact remains, though, that I have seen plenty of enjoyable football this year, and it seems to me that the general standard is higher than it has been for some time.

What are its outstanding characteristics? Opportunism, for one thing, and aimless scrummaging, and a deal too much kicking to touch. We may argue that modern defence is sound in theory, and stout-hearted in practice, but these are negative virtues. When I consider the best games I have watched since September, I find they were memorable first for the closeness of the scoring, which lent them excitement, and then for the intensity with which they were played. And suddenly I recall the opening twenty minutes of the match between Swansea and Cambridge, when the Swansea attack was keen and really constructive, and the rest of my winter's football fades into insignificance. There have been the better moments, of course—a dropped goal by Kinnersley, some beautiful running by Cranmer, some destructive winging by Watkins, and so on. But I cannot help thinking that the Swansea twenty minutes was the only class football I have come across this season.

If that is sweeping, do not accuse me of belittling some of the splendidly hard games we have had—that struggle between the Harlequins and Blackheath ten days ago, for example; or Oxford's triumph against Major Stanley's team of all the talents. I only suggest that, if we take away the virtue of intensity, not a great deal is left. The modern game is muddled, amorphous, costive.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that we should try the New Zealand rules—no kicking full pitch into touch outside your own twenty-five, and no knock-on if the ball is caught by the player propelling it forward before it touches the ground. My correspondent saw a game played between the All Blacks and South African Universities under these rules in Cape Town, and, he says, "everyone agreed it was the best exhibition of football we had ever seen."

I dare say. This touch-finding prohibition is all right for touring teams and undergraduates, but it won't do for the fellow who can only play on Saturday afternoons. It makes the game too fast for him; much too fast. I know, because I 've tried it, and only a forward with bellows to mend can say what it means to be deprived of his occasional breather at the line-out. No; I am all against that particular law, though there is more to be said for a loosening of the knock-on definition. It is certainly exasperating when a promising movement is whistled up just because a player fumbles and knocks the ball forward an inch or two before catching it. On the other hand, unless the knock-on rule is left as it stands, abuses might creep in. The deliberate knock-on is possible and if knocking-on were permitted, passing would surely become even more slovenly than it is to-day.

I DON'T think, then, that any alteration of the laws would help. Let us simplify them, by all means, with the purpose of making their intention more apparent. Never have I heard so much controversy as I have during the past few weeks, over the correct interpretation of the scrummage laws. I dream of a forest of waving legs—footballers' legs—and the whole business becomes entangled with Mr. Dunne's serial universe, in which there is no past and no future, and no foot can be raised before another foot; and, after all, hockey is a simpler game.

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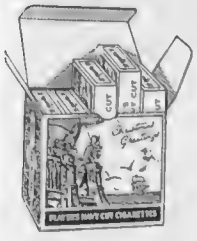

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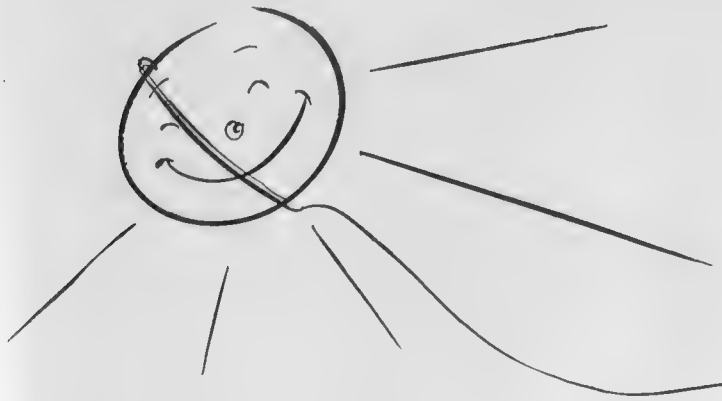

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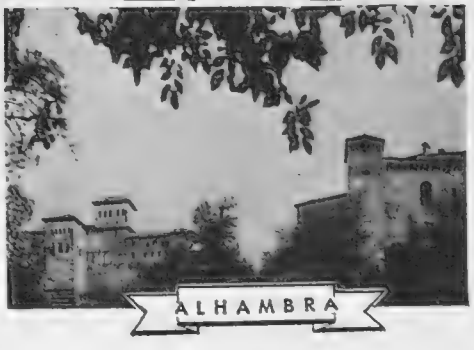

SPAIN PROGRESSES ★ BUT KEEPS ITS CHARM

Women's Golf:

Why Not Miss Wethered and Miss Wilson? Some Pertinent Questions

By Eleanor E. Helme

Another Field of Play

The Misses Pam and Mervyn Barton, famous golfing sisters, are seen arriving at His Majesty's Theatre for the Gerald du Maurier Matinée

Right: Miss Phyllis Wade, England's Ladies' Close Champion, and Mrs. J. C. Beard, English Ladies' Veteran Champion, who were presented with trophies by the Ferndown Golf Club to which both belong

Ferndown's Lady Champions

Below: Mrs. Leonard Martin and Mrs. Guy Williams (five times Champion of New Zealand), who played in the recent W.A.S.A. meeting at Burhill

A Home Player and One from Overseas

DEAR BYSTANDER,

GOOD news this week. Sunningdale are repeating their Foursomes Tournament, open to golfers of all denominations and both sexes, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 28th, 29th, and 30th are the days. It was an extraordinarily interesting fixture last year, in spite of insufficiency of time for a really suitable date to be found, or all the best possible partnerships to get together. That is not the case now, and I should imagine that all and sundry will be out for the blood of Miss Diana Fishwick and Mr. Noel Layton, last year's winners.

There are so few first-class events in which professionals, amateurs and ladies can all compete, and equally few in which handicapping is on such broad lines, or the receiver of strokes gets such good value. You remember that all the men pros. are rated at plus two; all assistants and amateur men at scratch, and all ladies, whether professionals or amateurs, at four. There is a refreshing simplicity about these broad differentiations. There is also something very encouraging about receiving the full difference in handicaps, not merely a fourth or an eighth—until you are ignominiously beaten, and can think of no better excuse than that you are not accustomed to receiving so many shots, and were quite upset by it.

WHETHER anything is proved, or not, by the fact that the final lay between two lady-cum-amateur pairs, and not between two professional, or two amateur, or two lady-cum-pro, or two lady pairs, I cannot say. Matches of every variety were so close all through the three days that nobody could really find any support for their pet theories, and were reduced to saying that it just depended who happened to be at the top of form, and that, anyway, it was a delightful competition.

ONE reflection arising out of the conditions, though, does seem of really outstanding interest, and I would commend it in all seriousness to those who are trying to arrive at common sense and justice in regard to the vexed question of ladies who make golf their profession. Sunningdale recognises no difference, for handicapping or any other purpose, between these and the usual play-in-every-competition-possible players, who represent the bulk of our first-class women golfers. I think they are, as things stand at present, absolutely right. The two outstanding examples of ladies who are no longer reckoned amateurs, Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Enid Wilson, have ceased to play better golf, in competitions, than other people. Mind, I do not for one instant say they are not better golfers than anybody else; they are, and there is still a vast deal more to be learnt from watching them than any other women in Great Britain, but, quite definitely, their play, for competition purposes, has deteriorated since the moment that their amateur status was declared forfeit. Why? Because there are virtually no competitions for them to play in; no events for which they must keep at concert pitch. When famous men amateurs turn professional, their play improves ten, twenty, thirty per cent. Why? Because their opportunities for playing really important golf, with their bread and butter dependent on it, are increased. With women the reverse is the case; there are no women professionals in sufficient numbers for anyone entering their ranks to get proper competition play.

Why are professionals debarred from competing against amateurs? Because they are supposed to be so much better than the amateurs as to have unfair chances of winning. Cleared of all cant and side issues, that is the only reasonable ground on which the restriction in amateur competitions rests. The events of the last year have proved that our so-called lady professionals have less chance of winning now than ever they had in their amateur days. Miss Wilson competed in BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes, Worplesdon, *Golf Illustrated* Cup; Miss Wethered in Worplesdon, without any success at all. Though Miss Wilson won the London Foursomes, it was largely her partner, Miss Dorothy Pearson, who did the work. Why, then, in the name of all that is just should they be kept out of competition golf? Why should women's golf lose the example and inspiration of its two greatest golfers and best of sportswomen because of decisions which take account only of theories and so little of facts?

MORE and more am I coming to think that in women's golf there is no need for any amateur definition. Let every competition be open to all—as, incidentally, all BYSTANDER Foursomes are open—leaving full power with the promoting authorities to refuse any entry. Clubs and papers, who promote competitions for their own benefit, would think very seriously before refusing any entry without some reason so good that nobody would dare to question; promoters of championships who might dare to do so unjustly could very quickly be called over the coals and dismissed from office by those to whom they are responsible. That, in the case of the L.G.U., is the county associations (in the last resort the individual clubs) who nominate delegates to the Executive Council of the L.G.U. Do clubs and counties realise their power? Are they really content with what the L.G.U. did to Miss Wilson, and tried to do to Miss Fishwick and others, six months ago? I wonder?

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

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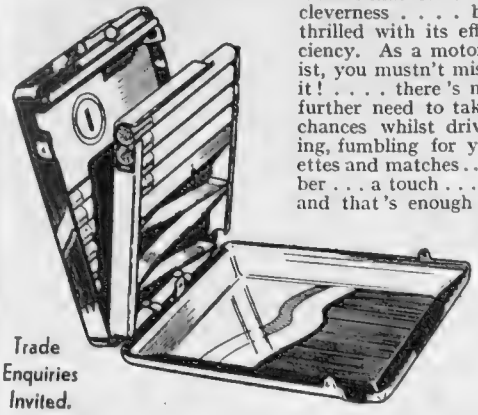

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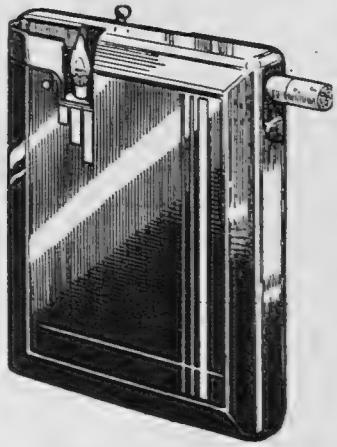

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The "Wazzers" Celebrate

Mrs. Gwenda Stewart, who broke the women's lap record at Montlhéry, presents the Wakefield Trophy to Miss Sheila Richardson at the Women's Automobile and Sports Association's annual dinner

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Last week, we saw the first of the big League clubs set out along the road that leads to Wembley and the Football Association Cup final. A brave little company, in truth, for the prospect of any one of them going far in the competition is singularly remote. However, there it is; season after season we see these small clubs battling hopefully—with the same end to all their ambitions.

But the Cup is a great tonic-worker. Even though there is precious little chance of any of these Third Division teams going far in the hunt for "Soccer's" most precious bauble, their supporters make the turnstiles work overtime when the Cup adventure begins.

So, for a couple of rounds, the Third Division clubs will be "killing" one another off. They are now engaged, as one official has put it, in the genial "Cain and Abel business." Then comes the entry of the premier professional combinations—and the hope of a "bumper" gate for the small clubs, with a consequent lessening of their financial burdens through the season.

And now I see that a well-known football critic is expressing the opinion that the Cup competition is overcrowded. In other words, he feels that the time is near for the Football Association to weed out many of the amateur clubs which enter for the Wembley Stakes.

Cold figures would appear to support this view. There are over 500 amateur clubs entered for the Cup each year. None of them has any chance of reaching Wembley—the odds

"Soccer" at Oxford

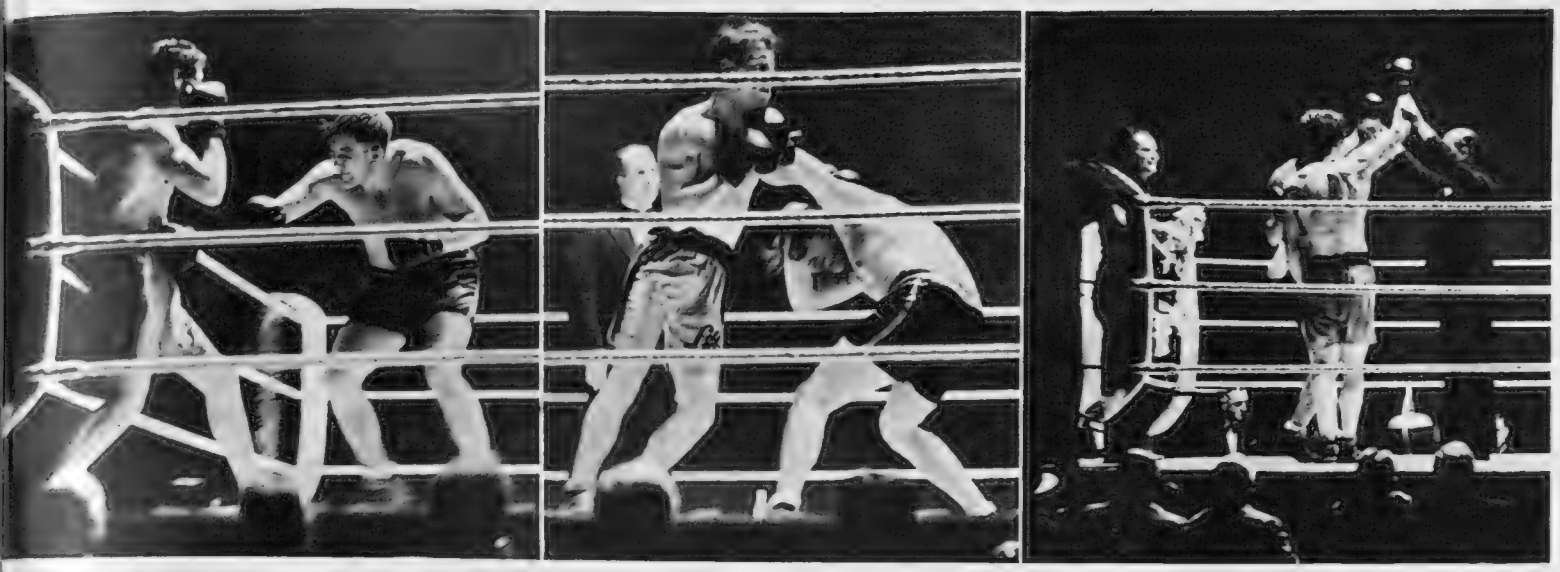
W. F. Moss (Charterhouse and B.N.C.), the "Soccer" captain. He is also a lawn tennis Blue and 100 yards' sprinter

E. O. W. Hunt (Malvern and B.N.C.), the first freshman to get his "Soccer" blue this season. He plays centre-forward

Rugby at Old Deer Park

C. T. Bloxham and D. Lyall Grant, linesmen in the London Scottish v. Oxford University match

F. A. R. Hunter (London Scottish) and C. S. Dingley, referee, in the match which Oxford lost 8—3



A Boxing Bout Between England and Germany: Harvey and Neusel Draw at the Wembley Stadium

Neusel crouches when about to attack Harvey, who has been driven into a corner

Although Harvey tries to cover up, Neusel manages to land a left to the jaw

Mr. C. H. Douglas, referee, holds up the arms of both boxers in order to indicate a draw

against them even going as far as the semi-finals would be staggering. Yet they bob up, season after season, to battle on in pursuit of the impossible.

Should they all be excluded from the Cup quest? Should the Football Association tell them to make their own competition—the Amateur Cup—their chief concern? These are the questions being asked in "Soccer" circles just now.

But I, for one, would hesitate to see a ban raised against the amateurs. There is a very real danger that once the F.A. Cup is made a more or less "closed" competition, it will lose its chief appeal. All the romance will go out of it: it will be a cold-blooded affair, in which there will be little prospect of those delicious surprises that have made the competition what it is to-day.

Absurd as it may seem, all those obscure amateur teams which go Cup-fighting almost as soon as the season starts have the same idea—that they may battle along till they meet one of the big professional sides. And then what? Well, wasn't there a little Devonshire team called Green Waves—a club composed almost entirely of fishermen—which tumbled over one of the mightiest of the First Division sides? That classic case happened a long time ago. It may never be repeated—but, on the other hand, you never know!

Kill the idea that the Cup *can* be won by the smallest club in the kingdom, and you 'll eventually kill the competition.

APART from football, there has been quite a lot moving in the sport world just lately. I told you a week or so ago we would be getting the leg-theory controversy resurrected. Well, the M.C.C. certainly did give us their idea of "unfair bowling," but I have a feeling that they might have been much more definite over the method to check its development

First, though, I must say that quite a lot of folk are barking up the wrong tree over this new M.C.C. ruling. You can read the statement issued by the cricket mandarins from beginning to end, and you will find no reference to fast leg-theory bowling. So, I think, we may say that Larwood and D. R. Jardine have been vindicated. What the M.C.C. are driving at, however, is the fast stuff on the leg side that comes up head-high—or, in other words, what the Australians have termed "body-line." Larwood didn't use that sort of stuff to win the Tests for us "Down Under" two years ago. But we have seen it crop up in county cricket once or twice during the summer.

Just how do the umpires stand over the new ruling? There 's the rub. The M.C.C. have put the onus on the fellows in the white coats; but they haven't given the harassed umpires any idea of their method of procedure in the event of a bowler sending down "bumpers" which might be regarded as unfair. Is the umpire to send a man off the field? Is he to ask the fielding captain to take the bowler off? Can the bowler come back after a spell? Or what?

Truth is, nobody seems to know just what the M.C.C. idea is. They have left the dirty work to the umpires . . . and that 's all.

Fancy, for a moment, the same sort of thing going on in Rugby or "Soccer." It is incredible. Referees in football have definite instructions to guide them when a player oversteps the mark by foul play. And cricket will certainly have to follow football in this.

(*Continued on page* ii)

A Correction

WE very much regret that the information which appeared on this page last week under the photograph of Noel McGrath, the Irish and Oxford "Rugger" player, was incorrect. Noel McGrath is the son of Sir Charles McGrath, Clerk of the Peace for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and County Solicitor, with whom he served his Articles. He took his Law degree before going up to Oxford. Besides being an Irish International, he has played sixteen times for Yorkshire.

The Quorn Meets at Upper Broughton

Lady Belper with her son, the Hon. Rupert Strutt, and her stepdaughter, the Hon. Lavinia Strutt

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Doings in the Antipodes and at Oxford

A Quartette of Oxford Golfers

Left to right: J. J. F. Penninck, the Oxford captain, R. G. de Quincey, F. H. Tate, and A. A. Duncan, four Oxford University golfers who help to compose a team of exceptional strength. Not only is the team itself much above the average, but the reserves are also extremely strong

Jack McLean

The Scottish Amateur Golf Champion, who has been showing wonderful form in the Melbourne Centenary matches. He beat H. W. A. Attersley, the former Australian Amateur Champion, with ridiculous ease in the final

THE Amateur Championship and the Professional Match Play Championship which have been held in connection with the Melbourne Centenary Celebrations, have both resulted in some really remarkable golf. The Amateur event was won by Jack McLean, as it was almost bound to be, but he behaved as a favourite should, perfectly to satisfy those who had backed him, for he was never, in any of his matches, faced with the barest possibility of defeat. He won all his rounds with consummate ease, playing really magnificent golf. In one of the rounds he completed the course in the record-breaking score of 66, and I am informed that he holed out every putt. Even so, this round has no real right to be considered as an official record, in that it was not made with a card and pencil. I wonder what the Australian authorities have done in this matter. ?

The Professional Match Play Championship was won by Leo Diegel, who defeated Denny Shute by two up with one to play in the final round. Diegel deserves many congratulations on at last deviating from the second place which he has so frequently held in various important events of the past; so often, in fact, that I have seen him described by a very eminent gentleman as the Prince of Runners-up. He did it, too, by means of a brilliant second round, when he completed the seventeen holes necessary to give him the victory in 63 strokes.

Shute had played very well in the morning, just managing to break 70, and went in to enjoy his lunch with a comfortable lead. He had been playing consistently well throughout the Championship and was a firm favourite, for Diegel's form had been rather in and out. However, Diegel rose to the occasion magnificently, and completed the first nine holes of the second round in 33 strokes, which put him one up at this point. Actually, he was dormy four. Shute made a brave effort, and won the next two holes. Diegel did not crack, however, and a half at the 17th gave him the match. I am very glad to see that Shute did so well, even though he did not win, for I was one of those who were deeply impressed by his methods of playing the game when he won—at that time, rather unexpectedly—our Open Championship at St. Andrews, two years ago. I had the privilege in that Championship of playing in the qualifying round with Denny Shute, and he was at that time not considered to be one of the Americans who were likely to win. I took a different view, having played two rounds with him, and was able to back my fancy at very reasonable odds. I keep on telling this story, because I so seldom win a bet! Quite apart from his now proved capabilities as a player, Shute is one of the most charming opponents with whom one could possibly play golf, and a very quiet, unassuming and delightful fellow. He has not done too well since winning the British Open Championship, and that is why I am very glad that he has once again established himself during this Melbourne Centenary Championship.

I KEEP on talking about the Universities at the moment, but there is very little golf going on apart from University matches, and even if golfing events were rampant, a very interesting situation is arising with regard to this season's University match. Oxford have now established themselves as very firm favourites, and I must say that I cannot see them being beaten by those who are likely to represent Cambridge in the match. However, Cambridge are definitely improving, as they clearly showed when they recently defeated, with some ease, quite a strong side representing the Royal Worlington and Newmarket Club.

But what I have to say is, I am afraid, further bad news for Cambridge. I have been most impressed by the performance which Oxford University achieved a week ago against a tremendously strong side representing the League. In this match, there were twenty-two players on each side, and the strength of the League can best be gauged when it is stated that on the first day, R. L. Sykes and M. G. Clayton were the last League pair in the foursomes, and these two played last but one and last, in that order, in the singles. It should also be noted that in these singles, K. A. S. Morrice, last year's Oxford captain, was playing eleventh, J. P. Marston fourteenth, H. M. Bray eighteenth, and G. P. Jackson twentieth. I think that the mention of these names and facts is the best method of impressing upon my readers the tremendous strength of the side which R. H. Oppenheimer got together and took to Oxford. Yet, in spite of this great strength, the University were only defeated by 31 matches to 20 on the two days' play, with four matches halved. Now, I must remind my readers that the usual University matches against clubs are ten a-side, or, at the very most, twelve. For this particular match Oxford had to call on ten others, as well as those whom they normally choose. This reserve strength did nobly, winning very nearly a quarter of their matches. It should be noted, also, that those matches which were lost, were lost only by small margins. I am not at all sure that this is not the most impressive performance which the University has put up within my memory, for it means that Oxford would be by no means disgraced if they were represented solely by their reserves in a match against an average London club. With this reserve strength, Oxford are naturally in a far stronger position than if they had a few really good players, but nobody to take their places should any accidents occur. As I said, this is by no means good news for Cambridge. It certainly looks to me as if it was going to be an Oxford year, anyway in the golf match.

YOU may have noted, however, what I said about that bet. Usually, for me to tip one side is more than sufficient for the other to rise magnificently (and in wrath!) and play so well that they win handsomely. Even so . . . my proved ill-success in prognostication seems to be Cambridge's only hope!

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Making the Grand Tour by Air

By Charles Ward

Left: Mrs. F. K. Wilson, who has owned and operated a successful air service in Kenya for some years, with Miss Rosemary Brocklehurst and Mr. M. C. P. Mostert, chief pilot, photographed at Croydon before flying back to East Africa

East and South

THE Atlantic will present, for many years to come, an impossible barrier to the private owner intent on travel. The flights made by Hinkler, Mollison, and Grierson by light 'plane were either stunts or scientific experiments, and in neither case was the way prepared for the average pilot, for whom a considerable margin of error in navigation must always be allowed. To the East and South—to India, Australia and China, to the whole of Africa—the air way is comparatively easy when time is no object. Lord Sempill has just completed a leisurely flight to Australia, and proposes to tour that continent, also visiting China before returning home. Lady Blanche Douglas, a member of the Bristol and Wessex Club, is flying to India in a Miles "Hawk," accompanied by Flying-Officer C. V. Ogden. Dr. and Mrs. Atkey are touring Africa in their Miles "Hawk." Mrs. Atkey is probably the senior British woman pilot. She learnt to fly at Northolt during the winter of 1919-20, before the aerodrome was taken over as a permanent Service station. At that time instruction was given on Caudrons fitted with Anzani engines, an early example of the radial air-cooled type. The Sikorsky four-engined bomber, the fuselage a miniature Pullman saloon, was still an object of interest on the edge of the aerodrome, and provided excellent shelter for the cows in rainy weather. Mrs. Victor Bruce is en route to Cape Town by Autogiro, following the west coast route, which involves a crossing of the Sahara. Up to date, no long-distance flight has been made by Autogiro, though an ex-Air Force officer set out about three years ago to fly to Cape Town, but did not succeed in getting beyond the boundaries of Europe. On Sunday, December 30th, Imperial Airways will operate an additional service from London to Johannesburg, and on Tuesday, January 1st, a supplementary service to Calcutta. Thereafter the departures for India and South Africa will be bi-weekly in each direction. No additions to the fleet are to be made during the winter, the extra services being arranged by flying the existing aircraft twice the distance previously covered.

Opening of the Australia Air Service

THE first 'plane from London on the regular service to Australia will leave on Saturday next, the 8th instant, and is scheduled to arrive at Brisbane on

(Continued on page iv)

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 481)

And now, of course, I can hear shrieks from some folk that "cricket is a gentleman's game." They 'll be saying that no such rule need be framed. Stuff and nonsense! All this ballyhoo about "gentleman's game" looks pretty shabby in face of the incidents of the last couple of years! Cricket is a jolly good game, but now and again you 're going to get some bounder cropping up. Well, the M.C.C. should tell umpires just how they should go about the business of bouncing the bounder out of a match.

HOWEVER, I have long appealed in vain for a little more clarity in the pronouncements given us by the high priests of sport. And the M.C.C. are no more obscure in their ideas than the Lawn Tennis Association. For instance, did you try to unravel the recent recommendation on professionalism which the L.T.A. will be discussing very soon? I tried to do so; and yet I am still hazy on it all.

As things stand, however, it looks likely that the die-hard element in the Association is out to tighten the amateur definition. Only last week, I told you that there was a feeling that amateurs were likely to have certain concessions made regarding film-making. That feeling is still strong; but here we are getting some folk in the L.T.A. out to make things more awkward for the amateurs.

Well, as I see it, the Association is going a long way towards forcing most of our prominent amateurs to turn professional if this new resolution is adopted. There may be a ban on the writing of instructional articles for the newspapers. Quite a lot of amateurs earn a decent bit from that source, and, while I am all for journalism for the journalists, I do not see why a tennis player should not capitalise his skill in this direction. After all, he is an expert—the only one really fitted to write instructional articles.

When the L.T.A. do meet to discuss this "die hard" resolution, I trust someone will be blunt enough to put the facts clearly. And the facts are that if amateurs are to be bound hand and foot, then they will inevitably join the money-ranks. That will mean, of course, the gradual decline of Wimbledon. Denude the British championships of certain star players—most of whom are writing or have written instructional articles—and the attendance figures will slump at once.

So I ask: Is Wimbledon asking for suicide or a show down? The opposition to the new resolution may show the L.T.A. just how the wind is blowing. For that reason only it may be welcomed.

DECEMBER is a busy-looking month for our boxing men. We have Jack Petersen defending his heavy-weight title against that stout-hearted campaigner, George Cook. And then, too, we will be seeing just how the young heavy-weights who have been battling at Wembley are going along.

Harvey's good display against Neusel has put him right back in line for another crack at the British heavy-weight title. Of course, Petersen must first dispose of Cook before this match can be made—but I think the champion will get over this hurdle easily enough.

I know that Harvey is desperately anxious to get a "rubber" match with Petersen. It was just a year ago that he upset the young Welshman at the Albert Hall in one of his best contests. Then came Petersen's return as title-holder at the White City last summer.

Against Neusel, Harvey showed us just how clever he can be despite giving away several pounds in weight. His ringcraft carried him through this fight; and he feels confident that it will help him to beat Petersen.

If this match is made—as I think it will be—the obvious venue would seem to be Cardiff. All Wales would be there! But, on the other hand, there is bigger money in London and a Petersen-Harvey clash is a certain gate-drawing match.

How would Harvey fare? As I said, he thinks he has the beating of the champion; but, on the other hand, there is just a suspicion that, while he has made little progress, Petersen is a much better man than he was a year—or even a few months—ago. So I take it that Petersen would win, but it would be a much nearer thing than most folk would imagine.

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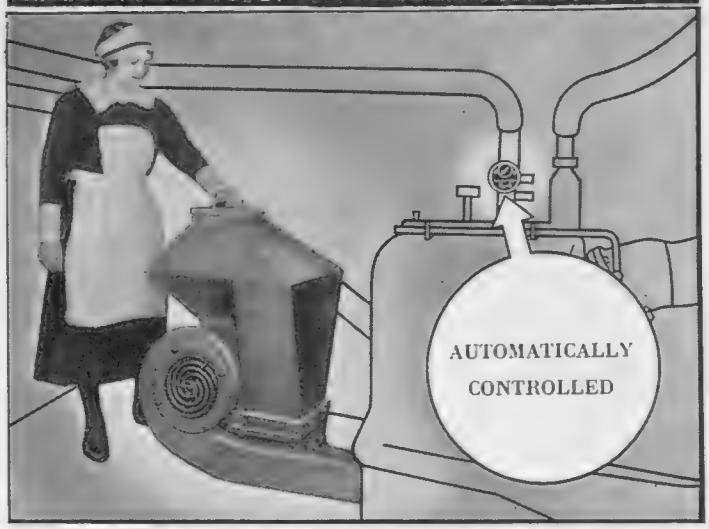

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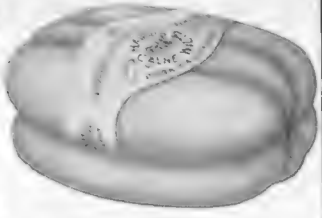

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Making the Grand Tour by Air

(Continued from page ii)

December 20th. It will therefore be possible to send Christmas greetings by this mail, and a limited number of souvenir envelopes are being issued by Imperial Airways. In order to assist collectors, these envelopes will be handled at various points en route by arrangement with the Company, and full particulars can be obtained from Airway Terminus, S.W.1, though little time should be lost, as there has already been a great demand. The reduction in Empire Air Mail rates, announced by the Postmaster-General last month, does not yet apply beyond Singapore. For other destinations the charge is now 6d. per ½ ounce, for all countries where 6d. or more was the postage fee previously, and 3d. for all other countries served by Imperial Airways outside Europe. On the matter of speed to the East, Bradshaw's International Air Guide gives the timing as follows: from London to Singapore by Imperial Airways—nine days; by K.L.M.—ten days; and by the French line—ten days to Bangkok. It will be some time before any of the companies can effect an appreciable acceleration over this route, much depending on proper equipment for night flying, as well as the provision of faster aircraft.

The Party Season

COMMENCING to-night, Tuesday, December 4th, with the College of Aeronautical Engineering at home to its friends at Grosvenor House, there is a series of "flying parties" right up to Christmas. The Midland Aero Club celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary on Friday next, with a dinner-dance at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham. Major Gilbert Dennison, the honorary secretary, has been more responsible than anyone else for the success of the Midland Club, which he organised originally in 1910. At that time he was managing director for E. T. Willows, whose small airships were well known over most of England before the war. The Reading Aero Club is giving a supper-dance on the 8th at Woodley; original and exciting surprise items are promised. On December 14th the London Club holds its annual party at the Park Lane, the same hotel being chosen by the Herts and Essex Club for December 18th. On the night following, the Royal Aero Club, supported by the other air societies, is giving a banquet, followed by a dance, in honour of C. W. A. Scott and Campbell Black. This will be at Grosvenor House at 8 p.m., and tickets can be obtained from the House Secretary, the Royal Aero Club. Of past events, the Masonic Flying Club's party at Brooklands, to celebrate a new flying lodge and in honour of Mr. Kenyon, first member to obtain his "A" licence, was a great success. At Hanworth it is a case of business and pleasure as usual, no break in the continuity of instruction and sales or club parties having occurred since N.F.S. passed away, to be succeeded by the Hanworth Country Club. The dinner-dance on Saturday last was well attended and voted very good value.

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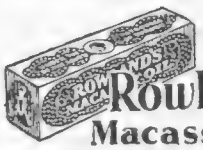

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CRUELTY to children is not, alas! as much a thing of the past as we would like to believe. Indifference, poverty, ignorance, all these are contributory causes to the sufferings of thousands of little children in England to-day, and at this season the ***Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children*** feels a special responsibility for those little lives which are hourly being saved from degradation through its good offices. Whatever the claims on your kindness may be at Christmas time, this, surely, is one that cannot be overlooked. Full details of the work that is being done may be obtained from Wm. J. Elliott, Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2, who will be glad to receive gifts or donations.

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Please send a Christmas Donation to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or to Wm. J. Elliott, Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. (Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.)

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The true spirit of Christmas so sadly lacking in many thousands of poor homes will be radiated on a widespread scale by the Church Army. Parcels of Good Fare distributed to thousands in genuine need will relieve suffering and bring Christmas smiles to faces, young and old.

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of more than a million people, living within a radius of seventy miles. Those who are best acquainted with its work give unfailingly generous support according to their means. But their means are, for the most part, small, and the danger of having to close down wards for lack of funds is never very far distant. Any help you can give will be towards meeting an urgent need, and will be appreciated accordingly. The person to address is the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

DR. BARNARDO'S name is a household word. The Charter of ***Dr. Barnardo's Homes,*** is "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission," and up to the present time 116,000 children have entered their doors. Christmas is a very important time in the Homes, but there are more pressing needs than simply that for Christmas cheer. It is essential that the generous support that has been accorded in the past should be continued in the future, if this splendid work is to be carried on in the same thorough way as hitherto. Donations should be addressed to the Rt. Hon. Lord Ebbisham, G.B.E., Honorary Treasurer, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1. Cheques, bankers' drafts, postal orders and post office orders should be made payable to "Dr Barnardo's Homes," and crossed Barclay's Bank, Ltd., c Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

DO not forget how much we, an island people, owe to the sailors of our merchant fleet, and to the keepers of our lightships and lighthouses. Christmas is apt to be a hard time for such men, cut off from their homes and families just when they would most wish to be united with them. It is a sad time, too, for the widows and orphans of those who have lost their lives at sea. These the ***British Sailors' Society*** does much to help, and anything you can do to further its work will earn the gratitude of innumerable hearts. Gifts should be sent to the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., G.C.S.I., etc., British Sailors' Society, 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14.

IT must not be forgotten that thousands of families have not only sufficient means to purchase the barest necessities of life, and that without the ***Church Army's*** aid Christmas would be no different for them from any other time of year. Ten shillings will provide a parcel for somebody in need. Five pounds will bring happiness to ten families. That is something worth remembering, for there are plenty of worse ways of spending ten shillings—or five pounds—if you can spare it. You are asked to send whatever you can to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

For 68 years Dr. Barnardo's Homes have been rescuing the orphan and destitute children of the Nation, and in that time they have admitted over 116,000 needy little ones, their present family numbering over 8,500. But such a work is constantly in need of funds if their Charter, "No Destitute Child ever Refused Admission," is to be maintained.

Will you send

A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF 10/-

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It will give you happiness. Try it !

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Mr. J. B. Priestley writes :

"In response to your urgent appeal for funds, I enclose a cheque for twenty-five pounds. I am certain that when people realise that The Cancer Hospital is in such constant need of money to carry on its great work, both as a FREE Hospital and as a centre of research into the origins of this terrible disease, they will instantly come to your support and your overdraft will vanish like magic. We cannot afford to let you work in the shadow of this enormous financial deficit. Your Hospital, day and night, by every possible means, is fighting Cancer, and it is unthinkable that we should not come to your assistance and GIVE SOMETHING AT ONCE."

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The Editor's Box

The Royal Wedding Cake

THERE can have been few bride cakes so full of historical interest as the one which was made for H.R.H. Princess Marina by Huntley and Palmers, the well-known cake and biscuit manufacturers. As the bride is a Greek Princess, it was only proper that the designer should have gone to Greece for inspiration. Every scroll and decorative pattern found on the cake was an exact copy of some of the masterpieces of delicate workmanship found either in some of the temples of Greece or in the parts of the temples in the British Museum. The structure reflected the symmetry and balance which were the underlying principles of Greek architecture. In the execution of the design, the details of decoration and the perfect symmetry of the finished cake, the designers and those who carried out the work produced a fine example of decorative skill.

The hexagonal stand which supported the four tiers was made of Australian silky oak. The plaques on the bottom tier depicted the Parthenon, the Acropolis and a view of the Piræus, while the bas-relief sugar plaques were exact copies of plaques that went to make up the fringe of the Parthenon. The second tier was typically British, with beautiful hand-painted pictures of Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace and Balmoral, all reproduced on sugar. Vikings and Viking ships are the theme of the third tier in deference to the bride's Danish ancestry. Crowning all is the British Empire tier, showing in colour the arms of Canada, New Zealand, Australia, India, and the Straits Settlements.

The Bollinger "Booster"

Cocktail-parties are still a popular form of entertaining with the younger generation and it is satisfactory to know that, owing to the good supplies of champagne, both in quantity and quality, during the past few years, Messrs. Bollinger have now adequate stocks upon which to draw for their famous Special Cuvée Very Dry. Another bit of good news is that they have taken the opportunity to reduce the price of the wine.

The outstanding popularity of Bollinger's Special Cuvée with the discriminating public is of many years' standing. A high-class champagne of rare delicacy and bouquet, it is held by the finest judges to be fully the equal of many vintage wines, whilst its price is extremely moderate.

Reverting to the cocktail-party—it is well known that the secret of the "Booster" lies in a freshly opened bottle of champagne being used. To meet this, Messrs. Bollinger sell their famous "Special Cuvée" in quarter bottles, which is the greatest boon to hosts and hostesses.

The cocktail bar at the Villa Rodet, in Jermyn Street, which is now on the street level, and so one of the easiest and pleasantest places to happen into for a drink

A "Bubbly" Film

Most people who drink champagne have little real idea of the care and forethought that is required in its manufacture. At the Curzon Cinema this week there is a film being shown which was taken on the Lanson Estates, and which shows the various stages, from the picking of the grapes to the bottling, and the packing of the bottles. It's a film well worth seeing.

Swaebe

This silver lamé evening dress and ermine and fox cape was part of the collection shown by Angela Maret, of 6, Grosvenor Street, at a recent midnight show at the Café de Paris. She designs most of her dresses herself

This is Hildegarde, the lovely American who is now in cabaret at the Carlton. She was brought straight from Paris, where she has made herself one of the most popular midnight stars

Lieut.-Commander C. R. Benstead, M.C., R.N., author of the well-known war book "Retreat," with Mr. Tom Clarke, Mr. Arthur Mailey, the Australian cricketer, and five vigneronnes at Cramant, during the vintage. Commander Benstead's amusing book on drink in general, "Hic, Haec, Hock!" has just been published by Frederick Muller

Flowers for Christmas

Some most fascinating artificial flowers are being shown in the Universal Aunts' Christmas Presents Exhibition in Wilton Place. They are made by Mme. Valentine Welter, a Frenchwoman, have never been shown in London before, and are certainly quite unlike the usual run of sham florals. Most of them are in the form of bouquets—the tight Victorian kind—every one different in colouring and design. These are being a great deal used in Paris in low bowls as table decorations, and they would also be perfect as bridesmaids' bouquets, very original, and the bridesmaids would have them to keep after the wedding. Sprays of flowers and leaves and single flowers, for arranging in ordinary vases, are also being shown. The most attractive thing about them all is the colouring; this, of course, is all done by hand. The flowers are actually made of a material which is kept strictly secret.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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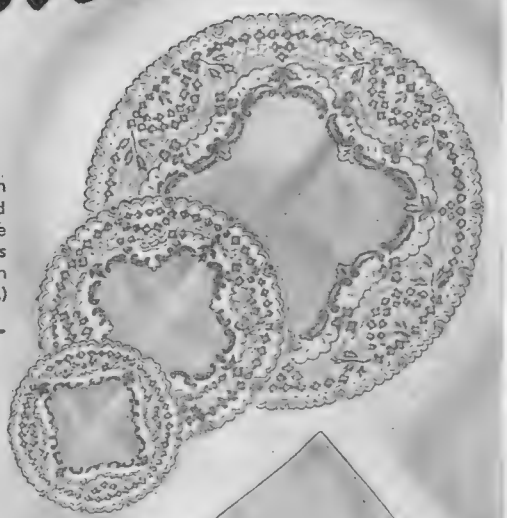

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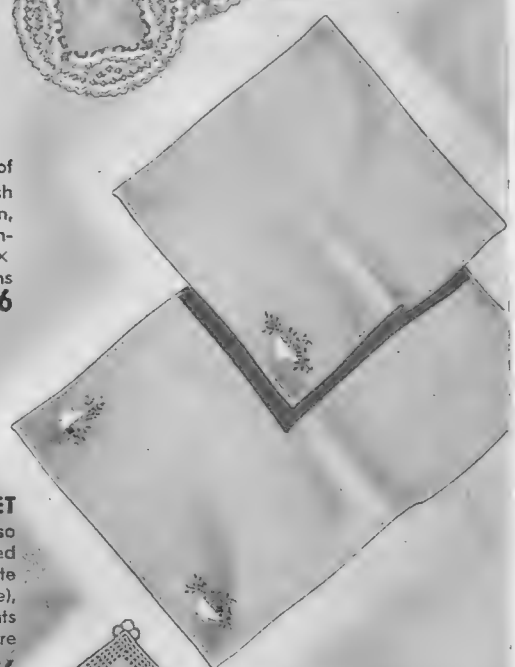

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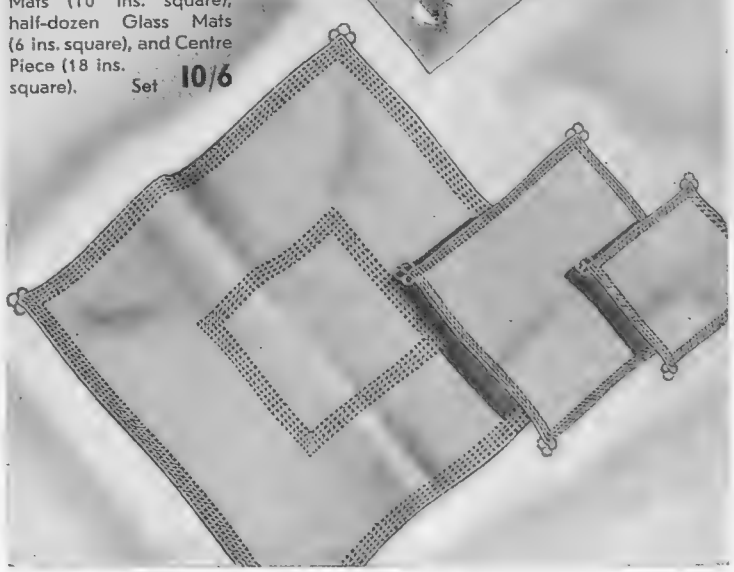

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THE THEATRE

Plays

As You Desire Me.—An interesting performance by Jean Forbes-Robertson in Pirandello's play, with Peter Godfrey, Clifford Bartlett, Kynaston Reeves: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

Clive of India.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife, in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Ding and Co.—A finely-conceived and well-constructed play on the anti-war theme by C. K. Munro; Wyndham Goldie, Catherine Lacey, Torin Thatcher lead the acting: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Eden End.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Family Affairs.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Flowers of the Forest.—John van Druten's new play is another anti-war one; Gwen ffrangçon-Davies and Stephen Haggard act very finely: Whitehall, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

For Ever.—Margaretta Scott acts beautifully as Beatrice and Eric Portman very finely as Dante; the stuff of the play is not everyone's idea of their love-story: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Hamlet.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet; George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

St. Joan.—Mary Newcomb gives an interesting and often beautiful performance as the Maid; the rest of the cast and the production contribute to a notable revival: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Journey's End.—Revived for a short season: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Lady Precious Stream.—A charming Chinese play, with a large cast including Louise Hampton, Esmé Percy, Maisie Darrell, Fabia Drake, Morris Harvey, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Living Dangerously.—First-class entertainment, with a good trial scene before the Medical Council; George Relph as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Lover's Leap.—A gay and pleasant entertainment, with Owen Nares as a husband, Nora Swinburne as his wife, and Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd as a half-hearted courting couple: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mary Read.—Flora Robson as the eighteenth-century woman buccaneer, and Robert Donat as her adoring, rattled husband, in a swinging play in the romantic style: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Moon in the Yellow River.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon, excellent humour, and a good cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Shining Hour.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Sweet Aloes.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette plot made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Theatre Royal.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Laurence Olivier dashing as a screen lover; the theme is grease paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Three-Cornered Moon.—Kay Hammond, Jane Savile, Kim Peacock, Arthur Macrae are in this lightly amusing domestic comedy from America: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., 6.15 and 9.15. Sat., 2.30.

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The Wind and the Rain.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Young Mr. Disraeli.—Derrick de Marney as young Disraeli and Sophie Stewart as Mrs. Wyndham Lewis in Elswyth Thane's pleasant romance: Kingsway, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

Blackbirds of 1934.—An all black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm, and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg-Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

Hi-Diddle-Diddle!—June, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Lucky Break.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Merrie England.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Revudeville No. 50.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, and Edna Thompson, Morgan Davies, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

Sporting Love.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Streamline.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast: Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Yes, Madam?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

Admirals All.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

The Drunkard; or, The Fallen Saved.—An 1843 melodrama played with the minimum of burlesque; Jane Vaughan as the heroine: Garrick, from 6.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Greeks Had a Word For It.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Half a Crown.—Sydney Howard as a grocer who became a king, Malcolm Keen, Eileen Peel, Eliot Makeham: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Hyde Park Corner.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Murder in Mayfair.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Ten-Minute Alibi.—Bernard Lee is the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

The Moon is Red.—Revolution in Vienna and its reactions on non-combatants; Joyce Bland, Hugh Miller, Helen Goss, Austin Trevor, George Curzon: Daly's, to-night.

CINEMAS

Belle of the 'Nineties.—The new Mae West film at last, but her hips are more restrained: Plaza.

The Camels are Coming.—Jack Hulbert's new film, where he gets loose in Egypt; Anna Lee is the girl: New Gallery.

The Count of Monte Cristo.—Robert Donat and Elissa Landi in the screen version of Dumas's famous novel: London Pavilion.

Le Dernier Milliardaire.—René Clair's new masterpiece, as gay as and more satirical than ever: Academy.

Here Comes the Navy.—Big American Navy stuff with authentic photographs of Fleet manœuvres; James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Gloria Stuart star: Regal.

The Iron Duke.—George Arliss bends the Duke of Wellington's character to his own inimitable style: Tivoli.

Jew Süss.—Conrad Veidt's fine acting as the Jew and the general splendour of the production can still be seen: Marble Arch Pavilion.

The Merry Widow.—Jeannette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier starring in the Ernst Lubitsch production of Lehar's musical comedy: Empire.

One Night of Love.—Another and excellent singing love-tale, with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot, and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

Refugees.—A fine Ufa film, of German refugees escaping from Soviet Russia; the stars are Kathe von Nagy and Hans Albers: Curzon.

Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round.—Musical comedy on a luxury liner, with Nancy Carroll, Gene Raymond, Jack Benny, among the stars: Leicester Square Theatre.

The Unfinished Symphony.—With Marta Eggerth and Hans Jaray. Also An Eastern Odyssey: Polytechnic.

OPERA AND BALLET

At Sadler's Wells—

Carnaval and Coppelia: to-night, 8.30.

Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci: December 5th, 8.

Tosca: December 6th, 8.

Die Fledermaus: December 7th 8.

The Barber of Seville: December 8th, 2.30.

Carmen: December 8th, 8.

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(*Continued on page* F)

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NOV. 30th ISSUE

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Beware of Harmful Substitutes WHICH NEITHER SUPPORT NOR UPLIFT

The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night. GUARDS against CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS, and relieves PAIN immediately.

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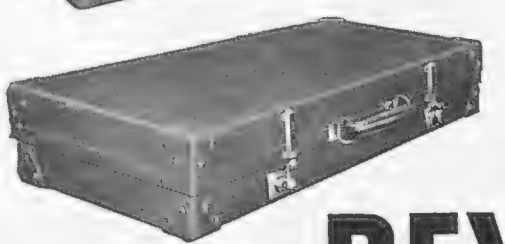

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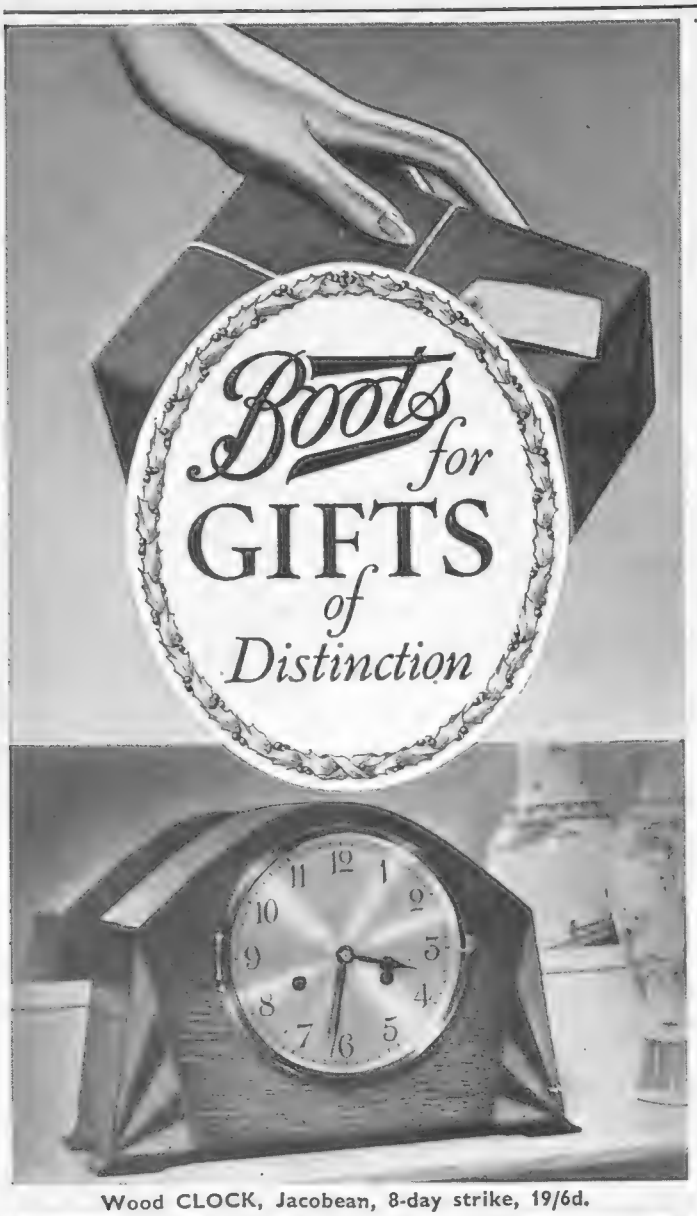

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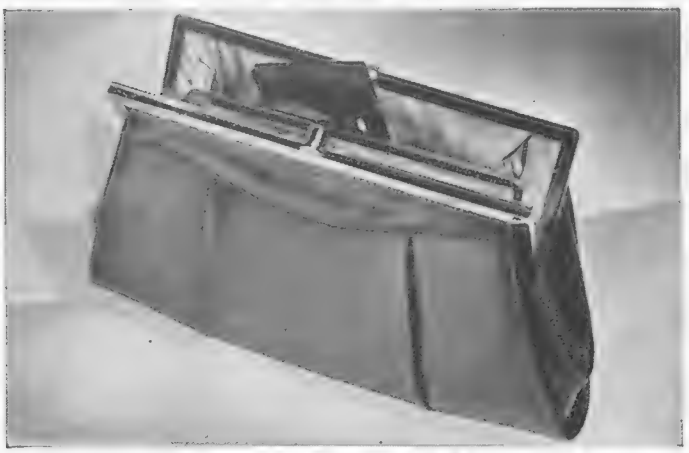

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

MUSIC

Orchestral

R.P.S.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the L.P.O. in a Bach commemoration programme, with Elsie Suddaby, Clifford Curzon, Cyril Smith, John Hunt, Kendall Taylor as soloists: Queen's Hall, Dec. 6th, 8.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Fritz Busch conducts the L.P.O.; the programme includes Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Brahms' Haydn Variations: Queen's Hall, Dec. 10th and 11th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Sir Landon Ronald conducts the L.P.O.; programme includes Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony, and Schumann's A minor 'cello Concerto, with Piatigorsky as soloist: Queen's Hall, Dec. 9th, 3.15.

Recitals

TEMIANKA.—Violin recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.15.

FRANÇOIS LANG.—Second piano recital: Æolian Hall, to-night, 8.30.

HERTA GLUCKMAN.—Lieder recital: Æolian Hall, Dec. 5th, 8.30.

ETHEL BARTLETT AND RAE ROBERTSON.—Music for two pianos: Wigmore Hall, Dec. 5th, 8.30.

SIMON BARER.—The Russian pianist: Wigmore Hall, Dec. 6th, 8.15.

PIERRE FOURNIER.—This 'cellist makes his first English appearance: Wigmore Hall, Dec. 7th, 8.15.

ARIA DORFMANN.—Piano recital: Æolian Hall, Dec. 7th, 8.15.

YVES NAT.—Piano recital: Æolian Hall, Dec. 8th, 3.15.

SCHNABEL.—Last Mozart-Schubert-Schumann sonata recital: Queen's Hall, Dec. 8th, 3.

MYRA HESS.—National Sunday League concert; her last recital before going to America: Palladium, Dec. 9th, 3.15.

GEORG HARTEN.—Piano recital: Æolian Hall, Dec. 10th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Special cabarets; Java's Tzigane Orchestra, and Louis Simmonds's band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Ivy St. Helier entertains; Jack Harris and his band play: extension night, Wednesday. Special Gala Night, in aid of the East Grinstead Hospital Building Fund, to-night.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band, and José Norman and his Cubans; Queenie Leonard and Cooper appear at midnight.

CARLTON.—Dancing all the week; Hildegarde, a lovely American from Paris, appears at midnight: extension night, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—"Les Girls" in the new autumn edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another glittering company of girls—Félix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—are here: extension night, Thursday.

SILVER GRILL, Ashford Road, Maidstone.—A good place to dine on the Folkestone Road; really excellent food, including caviare and oysters and service.

THEATRE RESTAURANT.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

VILLA RODET.—The place for Russian food; music by Theodore Quitter's band; special extension, Tuesday.

Ballrooms

QUEEN MARY'S HOSPITAL BALL: Claridge's, to-night.

WAIFS AND STRAYS BALL: Dorchester, to-night.

LONDON STEEPLECHASE BALL.—In aid of Conservative Women's Associations: Grosvenor House, Dec. 5th.

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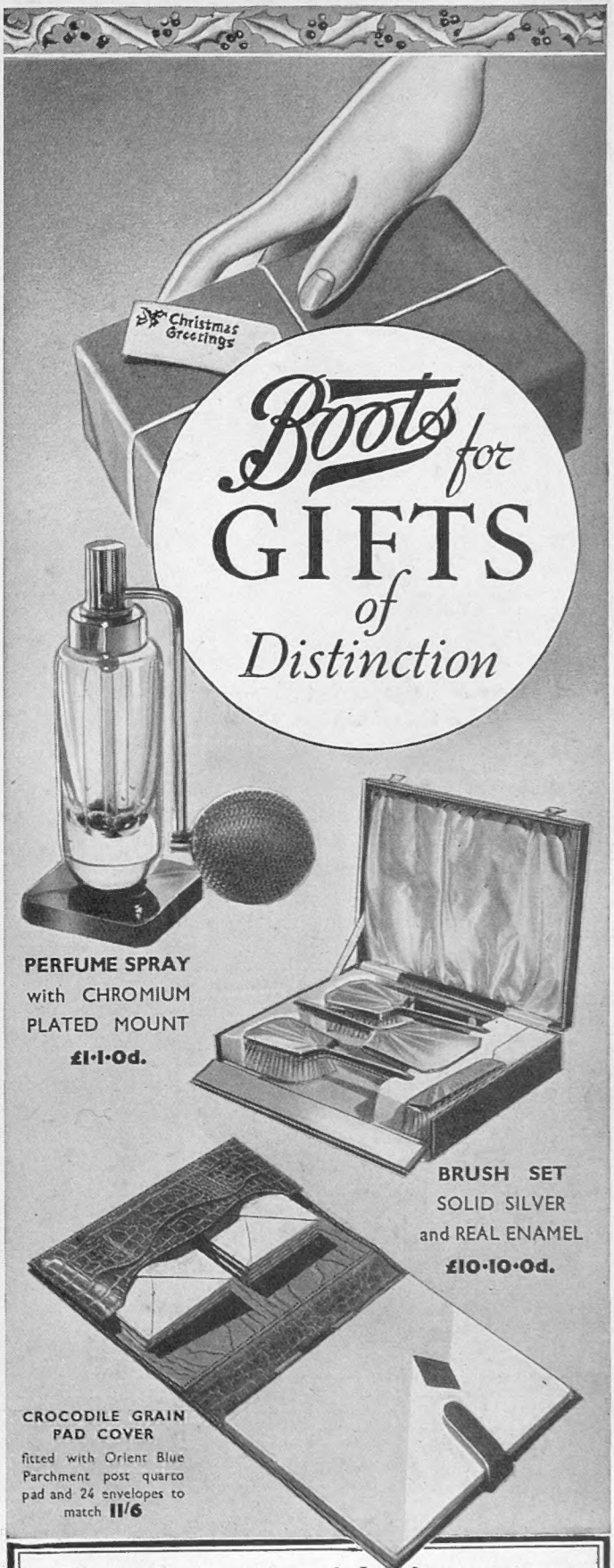

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